

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 183.

WEEK ENDING MAY 4TH, 1912.

ONE PENNY.

French, German, or Spanish by Post for a Penny a Day.

For more than 30 years Mr. HUGO and his Staff have been teaching Languages and studying the difficulties of many thousands of pupils. His new Self-Tuition Course is the result of daily experiment to one end—to make Languages easy of acquirement, to teach ONLY WHAT IS REALLY ESSENTIAL, and to teach that thoroughly. This Course gives a practical mastery of the important part of the Language in an incredibly short time.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SPEAK
FRENCH, GERMAN, or SPANISH?

IT IS SO EASY IF YOU TAKE

HUGO'S

1912 SELF-TUITION COURSE BY POST

2s. 6d. MONTHLY FOR ONE YEAR is not an expensive way of acquiring a foreign language.

For this 30/- (Ten per cent discount for Cash) you at present get:—

1. Fifty Self-Tuition Lessons, sent post free to any address in the world, in weekly booklets of 16 pages each.
2. A collection of copyright practice-tables.
3. Six class lessons of one hour each, or six private lessons of twenty minutes each, orally or by post.
4. A set of Hugo's unequalled Text-Books—value of French Books, 15s.; of the German or Spanish, 10s. This set, which comprises Hugo's well-known Commercial Correspondents, Readers, Composition and Idiom Books, etc., etc., is supplied in ADDITION to the fifty booklets.

THIS COURSE IS A NOVEL, INTERESTING, AND SIMPLE METHOD. NO LEARNING BY HEART REQUIRED. FLUENCY IS INSENSIBLY AND QUICKLY ACQUIRED FROM THE PROGRESSIVE CONVERSATION GIVEN.

HUGO'S COPYRIGHT PRACTICE TABLES and BOOKLETS enable Students to begin to **SPEAK and WRITE FRENCH, GERMAN, or SPANISH** in simple language from the very first lesson.

Write for full Prospectus. Specimen Lesson free to all mentioning THE MODERN MAN when inquiring.

LESSONS IN FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, ITALIAN, &c.
SPECIAL DAY CLASSES, 6s. 6d. Monthly. EVENING CLASSES, 4s. Monthly. PRIVATE LESSONS from 3s. per Hour. Books Included. Native Teachers. Coaching for Naval and Military Examinations.

HUGO'S LANGUAGE INSTITUTE.

(Established 1875.)

33, GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C.; 64-66, OXFORD STREET, W.; 205, EARL'S COURT ROAD, S.W.
Address for Self-Tuition inquiries: 33, GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.



Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Why pay high prices for clothes? W. W. Hedgecoe (Private Tailor and West-End Cutting Specialist), of 147, Holborn, E.C., supplies the highest quality at most moderate prices. Call or write (two doors from Gray's Inn Road). Satisfaction guaranteed. From 30s. to 63s.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Suits, grey and blue, with two pairs trousers; £1, or 12s. 6d. each; fit 5ft. 9in.—W. Malcolm, 192, Great Western Road, Aberdeen.

The McKinley "Mac," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Spring wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's pigskin folding dressing-case, 7 silver-mounted bottles, plain tops, 4 silver brushes, razors, manicure fittings, etc., unused. What offers? Cost £8 8s.—Box 6091, "The Modern Man," 21 Tudor Street, London.

For sale, 2 pairs of the famous Golfshooting boots; size, sevens; at half price, 25s. per pair.—Box 6093, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Three white shirts new, never been used, exchange or what offers for cash?—Box 6083, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Astounding Offer.—Donegal hand-woven tweeds and Irish homespuns, guaranteed pure wool. Suit to measure from 37s. 6d. Patterns free.—Wray, "Homespuns," Donegal.

SPORTS & PASTIMES.

Conjuring, Jokes, Card Tricks. Catalogue free.—Vandy, next Wyndham's Theatre (Dept. MM), London.

For camp equipments see Piggott's advertisement, page 894.

Sandow's 7s. 6d. dumbbells, new condition, chart; bargain, 5s. 6d.—Box 6084, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Pair wading boots wanted, good, cheap.—Box 6085, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Sailing boat, 16ft. 9in. by 5ft. 9in., iron keel, cabin, £10.—Box 6086, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Cricket; practice net, bat, stumps, leg-guards, for disposal; cheap.—Box 6087, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Wanted, croquet set complete, full size.—Box 6088, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

One pair motor goggles, new, cost 25s. 6d.; also cheaper pair; exchange or cheap for cash.—Box 6088, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Gentleman's genuine Chater-Lea cycle, Sturmey-Archer 3-speed, 2 roller brakes, Clipper tyres, Brooks' saddle, plated lamp, etc., purchased month ago, maker's warranty, too tall for owner, lowest £25.—Box 6089, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Camera bargain. No. 6K Klito hand camera, absolutely unused, won as prize, takes twelve quarter plates, Anastigmat lens, F7.7, Automat shutter, rack focussing for portraits, cost £3 3s.; accept £2 10s., or nearest offer.—Box 5016, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Quarter-plate Underwood Camera. Optimus lens, slides; cost £4, sell 25s.—Withington, Stationer, Cannock.

EDUCATIONAL.

"Business Encyclopædia," complete, in seven volumes. Cost 59s. 6d.; accept 47s. 6d. New, with Examination Papers. All numbers "Modern Man," 15s.—Box 6082 "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post free.—London Institute, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT & WANTED.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's advertisement, page 890.

Would you like to be a Press Artist? If so, send for our Prospectus.—"Artist," London House, West-houghton, Lancashire.

PHYSICAL CULTURE, &c.

For increasing the height see Arthur Girvan's advertisement on page 887.

MEDICAL, &c.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Moustache-Grower. Send me P.O. for 1s. and I will mail you the recipe of my wonderful moustache-grower, which will positively force a moustache with in three weeks. Equally good for forcing new hair on the head.—Box 4669, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A fine tonic, best-known recipe on the market, for the nerves, indigestion, headache, etc. Recipe, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 6030, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

What offers? Genuine old silver coin; excellent state preservation; date 1608. Sent on appo.—Apply Box 6080, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

"The Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4596, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Shaving Outfits, comprising hollow-ground razor, reversible strop, brush, and soap; the lot 2s. 6d. Post free. Better quality, 2s. 11d.—Box 6081, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. day to Box 4597, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Conjuring Catalogue Free. Please send early.—Vandy, next Wyndham's Theatre (Dept. MM), London.

5,000 to clear. 7s. 6d. safety razor with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 4604, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Cut here

PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of THE MODERN MAN Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 892.

Cut here

The Modern Man

EDITORIAL OFFICES:—Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.
Telephone, Gerrard 2979.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT:—19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street,
London, E.C. Telephone, Central 5991.

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT:—19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street,
London, E.C. Telephone, Central 5991.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, 8/8; for six months, 4/4; for three months,
2/2. Subscriptions are to be forwarded to the Publishing
Department at above address.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor is at all times ready to
consider contributions, and to pay immediately on acceptance
for those which prove suitable. All contributions must be
legibly written or typed, on one side of the paper only, and
must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for
return in case of rejection. The Editor does not hold
himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution
submitted on approval.

CHEEK.
A steam-yacht which figures in a new West-End play is
called "The Nut." Is this title intended to suggest that the
yacht sets the pace a cracker?

Although he is seventy-five, Mr. Pierpont Morgan says
he has no intention of retiring. But who ever *did* hear of a
millionaire, anyhow?

We have heard a lot for a long time, in the columns of
daily paper, about various articles that have been
"smashed in the Post"; but there has been no single word
of commiseration for the thousands of poor punters who
every week get smashed in the ante-post-betting.

There are two Rotten Rows in Hyde Park—the famous
equestrian parade—and the average amateur aquatic per-
formance on the Serpentine.

Brides Who Really Are Sweet.—No. 1: Miss Gladys
Macey, the soprano who was recently married.

One of the survivors from the "Titanic" disaster is
Mr. Hip. In all probability he has frequent cause to shout
his own name with a joyful "Hurrah!" after it.

No, no, Helpful Helen, that "Evening News" headline,
"Lovers' Code," had a quite different meaning to the one
you imagine; but it is very kind of you to offer the eua-
phus, all the same.

"Blackpool In London.—A City Sensation," bellows an
advertisement. Does this, perchance, refer to the sensation
hardly pleasant—that results from stepping into a filthy
muddle in Fleet Street?

"Parisian young ladies (18 and 22) give French lessons,"
is an advertisement. At first sight it strikes one that the
lessons might be more valuable if the instructresses were
not quite so young; but who knows?—there may be com-
pensation. And why are the ages mentioned at all, anyhow?

The modern highwayman of the Strand and Fleet Street
ine-bars still adheres to the old Tobymen's war-cry of
"Stand and Deliver!" Nowadays, it means that the victim
must first stand a drink, and then deliver a "loan."

Who was it that wrote anonymously to Georges Carpentier
regarding his forthcoming big bout in May, to observe
that it is no use trying to "Kid M'Coy"?

I observe a newspaper announcement that runs, "Flat
anted by Actress." There will, no doubt, be lively com-
petition among the unmarried members of the peerage.

An advertiser offers "Suite of furniture; suit Bach
rils." There must be some musical chairs in it.

J. S. Cox.

ROYAL BILLIARD-PLAYERS.

The King is a pretty fair billiard-player, though not so
good as his late father, who, in his younger days, at least,
was a capital cueist.

Some Royal ladies play, notably Queen Maud of Norway,
who is particularly good at winning hazards.

The German Emperor is a good player, but rather
"jumpy."

King Alfonso of Spain is "hot stuff."

WALKER!

When Prince of Wales, the King once stayed with Mr.
Leopold Rothschild, near Leighton Buzzard, and followed
the hunt one day.

About lunch-time he found himself alone near Berk-
hamsted, and feeling hungry. Recollecting that the Smith-
Dorriens' place was close by, he rode over, found the house,
and rang the bell.

"Will you kindly tell your master that the Prince of
Wales is outside, and would like some lunch?" he said
to the footman who appeared.

"Walker!" answered the man, and slammed the door
in his future Sovereign's face.

SHOO! FLY!

Mr. W. B. Woollen, R.I., the well-known battle-painter,
went through the Boer War as special artist for "The
Sphere." He was with Lord Methuen, and the first battle
he saw was Belmont. Perched on a rock, he was sketching
busily when he became conscious of a continual singing
and buzzing about his ears.

"What a deuce of a noise these flies are making," he
said to himself, and went on with his work.

Then he chanced to look down, and saw little spurts of
dust all around him, and realised that the "flies" were
Boer bullets.

Mr. Woollen did not exactly get off that rock. He says
that he fell off it.

THE MACCAILEAN MOR.

The ingenious rascal who has been masquerading as the
MacCailean Mor (as it should be spelt—nearly all the papers
had it hopelessly wrong) and defrauding hotel-keepers and
tradesmen all over the country, did a pretty bold thing in
taking to himself the title of the chief of the Campbell clan.

The founder of the House of Argyll was one "Cailean
Mor," who was knighted by King Alexander III., in 1280.

To him succeeded Sir Archibald Campbell, and after him
came Sir Colin Campbell, who added largely to the family
possessions. Sir Colin was in high favour with King
Robert II., who employed him to restrain the Highlanders,
and gave him much land.

Centuries later another Sir Colin Campbell did not
"restrain" the Highlanders, but urged them on to victory
in the Indian Mutiny.

Campbell means literally "wry-mouth," a facial
deformity which still reappears from time to time in true
descendants of Cailean Mor.

GROUND-BAITING.

Roach, bream, barbel, carp, and other fish require to be
ground-baited.

Ground-bait for roach is made as follows: Cut off the
harder parts of the crust from a loaf, and put to soak in water
until sodden. Squeeze out the water and, by adding dry
bran, knead into a stiff pudding, the stiffer the better.

Arrived at the roach "swim," pull off half a dozen balls
from the big lump of ground-bait, each about the size of a
Tangerine orange. Put a pebble into each, and drop in the
water about four yards above the head of the swim, so that
as the balls break up the fragments will be washed down into
it.

The same method will do for bream, except that the balls
should be larger.

Baiting a barbel swim is an expensive business, for it
means lobworms, and a thousand of these at about ten a
penny won't go far in a deep Thames swim. If the stream
is rapid the bait should be enclosed in balls of clay.

Ground-bait for carp with small pieces of bread paste, and
for rudd with small pieces of dry bread.





A SHORT STORY.

By R. D. CROMBIE.

The door of the restaurant swung open, and a young girl emerged, wearing a long grey ulster and a shabby picture hat. It was raining heavily.

At the corner of the street a young man stood waiting for her, with a hoisted umbrella. He smiled expectantly. She only allowed the glimmer of a smile to relieve for a moment the crossness of her expression.

"Hullo, kiddy?" he said.

"Well, you!" she said—a mixture of impatience and liking.

"How are you?"

"Rotten. I'm feeling beastly ill-tempered to-day. So you'd better not talk to me."

"Pity," he said, with a smile more genial than ever.

He held the umbrella over her hat and presented his elbow invitingly. She took his arm and they went along together, not speaking for a minute or two.

"Well, what's wrong?" he asked her, still with that aggravating good-humour.

"Everything! I don't like the place a bit. I'm sick of it. Eight in the morning till twelve o'clock at night! It's too hard. I sha'n't stay there. I can't!" There was a hint of a sob beneath the angry resentment of her complaint.

She was a waitress at a cheap West-End restaurant, and this was her afternoon "off."

"Well, don't stay," he agreed with her. "There's no need, is there? Plenty o' better jobs than *that* knocking about!"

"Oh, is there?" she retorted sarcastically; "then you try and get me one!" She went on, without pausing. "It's simple enough to talk; but girls have to go through a lot of things that fellows never suspect. Where do you think we have to hang our clothes?—in a room which is over the kitchen; and steam comes up through the floor, through holes as big as my hat. And when we come to put our clothes on at night they're all dripping. We shall have rheumatic fever, some of us; you see if we don't. But they don't care. And it isn't right for a girl to have to walk home by herself at half-past twelve at night. Yes, I know you'd come if I'd let you—but how are you going to get home afterwards, living the other side of London as you do? Don't talk like a silly!"

"It's a natural affliction," he admitted philosophically. "Can't help it. I think sometimes you're the sweetest and prettiest girl this end of England, and I have to say it. It's no good complaining."

"Oh, you don't smooth me down like that," she said—though another glimmer of sunlight seemed momentarily to light her face. "I'm feeling too ruffled. I don't want any flattery."

"Flattery?" he said, and looked down at her and laughed. "Ever seen yourself in a looking-glass?" he inquired confidentially.

"Oh, stuff!" she said, and wrinkled her brows in a frown. She was undeniably pretty, but there was a paleness about her face and blue marks under her eyes which spoke plainly of overwork and weariness. He saw that she was not in the mood for playfulness, and accordingly corrected his tactics.

"Let's go somewhere and have a cup of tea," he suggested. "I want to have a talk with you."

"Food makes me sick," she said. "I don't want any! You should see what stuff they serve up at the shop! If only the customers knew. . . ."

"I didn't say something to eat," he pursued. "I said a cup of tea. And somewhere where we can talk."

"Well, I don't want to talk," she said; "let's walk on."

"Very well," he said; "but those little feet of yours are getting wetter and wetter. And it seems rather rough on you."

"You wouldn't care if I was going to my grave," she said, illogically resenting his consideration. "No—loose me! I don't want to come with you."

He had suddenly tightened his hand over hers as she endeavoured to release his arm. There were tears in her eyes when he looked at her.

"You're not going like that," he said firmly. "Of course you're not. . . . You silly poor girl, I can see you've run down. Come along into a pub—I don't often ask you, but you want something to buck you up."

"You'd be run down," she said as he led her along unresisting; "if you had to get up at seven in the morning and go three miles before you got your breakfast. And then had to polish all the irons and the stair-rod. And clean the knives—and wash up. And get the manager's breakfast. And polish up the counters and mirrors—and be on your feet all day. All for ten shillings a week and no tips."

She was out of breath when he set her down in a corner of the cosy little deserted smoke-room, where a bright fire was burning and where he solicited her to warm her toes. There was a twinkle in his eyes, too, when he brought her a glass of wine.

"I wish you wouldn't look so pleased with yourself!" she flashed at him, annoyed by his persistent good-humour.

"If you were half a man you wouldn't let me do it."

"That's what I think," he concurred, contentedly.

"You'd stick out to get something better for yourself, and—and—" she paused at that.

"And what?" he asked her.

"Nothing," she replied confused.

"Hetty, have you forgotten a little promise you made me once?" he sank his tone and looked at her with bright eyes.

"What promise? I never promised anything."

He let his hand fall over hers, and pressed down on it hard, hard. She watched him with paling lips and a bright spot of colour in each cheek.

"Not about the time when I was getting thirty-five bob a week?" he went on.

"Oh, that? Yes, but we both knew you'd never get near that much. It was a safe way of getting out of it."

"Out of what?"

"Oh, nothing," she said again.

"Supposing—only supposing—that I had got thirty-five shillings a week? Would you—what you promised?"

"That's a safe Yes," she answered, struggling to be unconcerned.

His hand tightened over hers until it crushed.

"Well, I've got it!" he cried triumphantly.

"Got it?" she said.

"The foreman left this morning, and I put in for his job. And I got it!"

All the weariness and discontent left her face as though wiped clean with a sponge, and against her will a rosy glow suffused her cheeks.

"Oh!" she gasped.

"Glad?" he asked.

"Yes—no—I don't know." Her expression became a sudden quick warning. "You mustn't kiss me here," she hissed. "Idiot! the barmaid's looking!"

He looked round, and instantly began an unconcerned whistling.

"Let's go out and look in the shops for a ring," he urged suddenly.

And they went out, happy as birds.

COULDN'T BE DONE.

As a small boy, Mr. Winston Churchill was once reproved by his schoolmaster for his restless way of talking, and continual flitting from one subject to another.

"Very sorry, sir," he replied, "but I can't make my mind sit down."

A TERRY TALE.

In his early days the late Edward Terry played the First Gravedigger at the Lyceum Theatre in a revival of "Hamlet," under E. T. Smith's management.

"What did you think of my performance?" asked Terry of a candid friend who had been to see it.

"Thought it very bad indeed," was the genial reply. "There's no doubt about that."

"Ah, well," said Terry, in nowise cast down, "is this to be said for me; it's my First Gravedigger."

CURRENT BOXING.

GOSSIP ABOUT THE STARS OF THE GAME.

I'm willing to make a small bet that Digger Stanley is a proud man just now. Bantam-weight champion of the world—it sounds big. What is more, it means big business for the game little Digger, when he takes that long-hoped-for trip to America, which I don't suppose will be delayed now.

The Digger's victory over Charles Ledoux showed once again what a masterly boxer he is. Fighting cleanly throughout, showing footwork equal to that of Pedlar Palmer at his best, Stanley led on points all the way, by virtue of an imperturbable straight left—an asset which, I am never tired of asserting, is far too little used nowadays by nine-tenths of our foremost boxers.

Seeing that he was outclassed, the French bantam champion sailed in fearlessly, in a fierce attempt at the knock-out. Over and over again, regardless of punishment, he rushed to close quarters, but it was no good. Stanley's left got into his face each time, and shoved him out of the way, as a billiard-cue does the ball.

The result of the Summers v. Joseph contest at Liverpool is a pleasing one to all who like to see a clean straight boxer, who has been more or less under a cloud, come back into the limelight. Johnny Summers beat Joseph practically as he pleased—and that without a suspicion of questionable play at any point of the encounter. So we may confidently expect to see him engaged to meet the foremost candidates for the welter-weight title at no distant date, and if Evernden beats Joseph in their match on May 20th, a fixture between Johnny and Arthur ought to be a big draw.

Last Monday night a good bout was seen at head-quarters in the eliminating competition for the middle-weight championship of England. It was a fifteen-rounds fight between Private McEnroy (Royal Irish Guards) and Syd Ellis (of Poplar), but it only lasted two rounds, which was all the son of Mars required to gain the winning verdict.

Ellis, by the way, had been trained for the bout by Bill Chase, the Forest Gate heavy-weight, who was at one time regarded as a "White Hope," but who, on being beaten by Ian Hague and Fred Storbeck, disappeared from the public view. It is said, however, that Chase is now determined to come back.

"STRAIGHT-LEFT."

"THE PENITENT."

Of his famous picture, "The Penitent," Sir Luke Fildes, R.A., tells a grim story. He was staying at a Berkshire village, and, talking to an old dame at her door one day, he noticed a pale-faced girl walking along the path. When anyone came along she crossed to the other side, while she kept her eyes on the ground as people stared at her.

"Who is that?" asked the artist.

"That's Mary —, sir. She's just come out of Reading Gaol."

"What for?"

"Well, sir—well, she had a baby, and—and it died. This is her first day home."

"This gave Sir Luke the idea for "The Penitent," which made a big hit and enabled him to put A.R.A. after his name.

THE ONE WHO MATTERED.

Sir Edward Carson, K.C., M.P., tells this story. While still practising in Ireland, he attended the assizes at Galway. There he was approached by a man who begged him to defend his brother charged with murder, and able to speak Irish only.

"Sir Edward declined, saying he was too busy. But," he said, "I have a young friend who knows Irish well, and is a good lawyer. Try him."

At the end of the assizes Sir Edward ran across his would-be client, looking radiant.

"Ah," he said, "I can see from your face that your brother got off."

"Yes, he did that."

"I hope you were pleased with my young friend?"

"Och, I didn't see him, sor."

"What did you do, then?"

"I feed the interpreter."

KNAVISH TRICKS AT CRICKET.

SHARP PRACTICE IN THE SUMMER GAME.

Cricket, on the whole, is much freer from knavish tricks than football. At the same time, over-keen competition sometimes leads to shady tactics.

Of course, it is not always easy to draw the line between fair and unfair manoeuvres. Controversy still rages around Mr. C. B. Fry's action last summer in appealing against Blythe's bowling on the ground that the latter was deliberately tossing the ball up against the sun so as to prevent Mr. Fry from seeing it.

Then it is hard to say to what extent a fast bowler is justified in bumping them down on a fiery pitch with the idea of scaring the batsman.

IS IT JUSTIFIABLE?

Again, is a bowler justified in pretending to deliver the ball in order to run out a batsman who backs up prematurely? Some say he ought to warn the offender, while others hold that there is no need for him to do so.

But there are some tricks that are absolutely indefensible. Some years ago a certain Southern county had an unenviable reputation for making frivolous appeals, and attempts to bluff the umpire are not so uncommon as they should be.

In the majority of cases it is either the bowler or the wicket-keeper who alone can really tell whether a man is l.b.w. or has just touched a ball, and appealing should be left to them. For a whole side to appeal for a catch at the wicket or a case of leg-before is bad form, to say the least of it.

Then there is the fieldsman who, on making a doubtful catch, throws up the ball as if there were no question as to the man being out, a manoeuvre also practised in cases of running out.

BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT.

There is, too, the player who, again in cases of run out, knocks down the wicket before he actually has the ball in hand, hoping that the umpire will give him the benefit of the doubt, though, of course, when in doubt the umpire should always favour the batsman.

Wicket-keepers sometimes "forget" the rule against taking the ball for the purpose of stumping a man before it has passed the wicket. The square-leg umpire should detect the manoeuvre, but he does not always do so.

Then, when a ball has just shaved the stumps, wicket-keepers have been known to knock a bail off with their hand in the act of taking the ball or to break the wicket with a sly tap of the foot, and the batsman has been given out bowled.

The stumper is forbidden to incommode the batsman by any noise or motion, but there was a well-known wicket-keeper who used to bluff young and nervous batsmen out by sotto-voce remarks just as the ball was delivered. Only, as he was an amateur and a famous player, the victims were usually afraid to protest.

WASTING TIME.

There are many dodges for wasting time when it is a case of playing for a draw. The batsman is not so foolish as to take more than his allotted two minutes to come in, but no sooner does he get to the wicket than he discovers that his pads need attention, which is not surprising, as he had purposely put them on carelessly. Or he may find that the sight screen needs moving.

Contrariwise, if the fielding side are anxious to waste time in order to prevent the winning hit being made in time, it is wonderful what a lot of alterations in the field will be necessary, while the bowlers will find themselves baulked in their run up, or strain themselves and have to be rubbed down before they can continue.

A batsman "obstructs" a fieldsman at his peril, but an umpire cannot always be certain that the obstruction was intentional, and there is one county cricketer who is rather noted for his unfortunate habit of accidentally getting in the way of a man trying for a catch between the wickets.

Sometimes players suffer from the knavish tricks of their own side. A dead set is made against the victim. If he is in batting, he will be deliberately run out. If he is a bowler, catches will be purposely dropped, overthrows will be common, and difficult returns will be sent to him, with the object of hurting him.

F. B. BEALE.



THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

(SECOND ARTICLE.)

A correspondent having asked for advice on the subject of "talking well in company," I dealt in my previous article with the technical side of talking well, in the sense of talking correctly, and mentioned some common errors of speech and address. I now turn to the far larger and more difficult subject of being a good conversationalist.

The qualities that make an agreeable talker are many and various, and some, such as the possession of a pleasant voice, are concrete, others, such as tact and "manner," are not to be measured mathematically.

A shy, hesitating, laboured talker may be delightful to listen to because of some innate charm and worth of character, whereas there may be something intensely repellent in a man with a fluent, suave, and polished tongue. However, here are a few general hints.

First of all, carefully avoid topics of a controversial nature; at least, in the presence of strangers, and I am thinking not of the man who is smoking a pipe with some intimate pals, but of talking in "company."

CONTROVERSIAL TOPICS.

In a gathering of avowed Orangemen it may be all right to express the opinion that the bastinado would be too good for Mr. Asquith and Mr. Redmond, but it would be exceedingly unwise and ill-bred to do so in general company, some of whom, for aught you know to the contrary, might be convinced Home Rulers.

Similarly, avoid religious topics, and, in broad terms, do not criticise anybody or anything—at least, not unfavourably.

Beware of making would-be "smart" remarks about other guests or visitors. To ask the lady to whom you have just been introduced, "Who is that extraordinary idiot over there?" and to have her reply, "That is my husband," is disconcerting, to put it mildly.

Avoid also trite topics such as weather. What, then, shall we talk about?

In the case of talking to one other person, the best plan is to talk about him, and the way to do that is to egg him on to talk about himself (the masculine, be it understood, embraces the feminine).

GOOD LISTENERS.

The average person requires little or no encouragement to be induced to talk about himself, and many a man has earned the reputation of being excellent company when he was simply a good listener.

Still there are bound to be occasions when the limelight will be on you, and you will be expected to talk. Well, talk about yourself, only for heaven's sake don't take yourself seriously. Don't lay down the law, don't treat trivial personal happenings as if they were of world importance. On the other hand, your conversation about yourself must be trivial, if it is not to be boresome. But you must have led a very dull life and be a very unobservant person if you have never done or seen anything mildly to interest and amuse people.

FORCED CONVERSATION.

Don't, however, drag your anecdote or experience in by the hair of its head, after the manner of the person who has the "Daily Mirror's" conversational topics written out on his shirt-cuff and relentlessly goes through them one by one. In the case of general conversation it will be strange indeed if sooner or later someone does not say something that legitimately suggests a personal reminiscence, or on which you happen to be specially well-informed. In the latter case, however, I repeat, don't lay down the law. Tell what you know by all means, but not as if yours was the last word on the subject. Say, "Of course, this is only my personal view or experience . . ." and you will avoid putting people's backs up.

Similarly, if you hear a person make a statement from which you dissent, don't contradict him flatly. Say, "Well, now, that is very interesting, but I was under the impression that . . ." In this way, you make your point without seeming rude or self-opinionated.

In conclusion, a few conversational don'ts.

Don't ride a topic to death. Because you are interested in shooting or books, it does not follow that everybody else is.

Don't talk across people, or, worse still, at them.

Don't interrupt, more especially a person who is telling a funny story, in order to tell him that you have heard it before. Bear it and then grin.

E. H. HILL.

ACCORDING TO HIS LIGHTS.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

By A. M. STEWART.

What's that man? Cannot you tell that indefinable something that marks the horsey and the betting man? Even when standing by a lamp-post at a quiet street corner, without any of the outward characteristics that spell turf, those in the know can spot the "bookie."

Some folks look upon him as something that is outside the pale, but, you take it from me, that he is a man right enough, and often a good sort, too.

There's many a kindly deed to be set down to his account when the recording angel tots up the score. And this one's a sportsman as well as a bookmaker.

I stand beside the same lamp-post; I know what he is waiting for right enough, for that seemingly innocent butcher's assistant to dive out of the shop and give him those slips.

I also know that the policeman is a street or so away, gossiping with a saucy cat of a laundry manageress at her office door, while several customers wait for their week's washing.

The street bookie laughs when I ask him if he isn't taking big risks.

"Tune—five pounds," he says, carelessly. Then he leaves me, to pick up a dirty urchin who is in danger of being run over in the middle of the road, and crying at the same time. He gives him something as he sets him upon his feet on the path and comes back.

"Can't bear to see kids and women cry," he says sheepishly, and then the butcher's assistant approaches and I move away.

A bird of prey, a robber of the poor, and a panderer to the vices of the rich and the weaknesses of mankind! Maybe, but he's a sight better-hearted and more open-handed than the Scribes and Pharisees that sit in judgment.

"Fined five pounds," says the law, and he drops another fiver into the poor-box as he quits the court.

Other men make more out of their sins and give away nothing.

Wrong 'uns? Of course, there are dozens of 'em inside and outside the "ring," but so there are in the Church for that matter. It isn't the cowl that makes the monk, and it isn't the book that makes the Welsher?

This man runs straight, and he makes his book on the square, and he's got plenty of temptations to do it on the cross, for there is nothing so tempting as other men's feebleness.

He's got a nice snug little home of his own in one of the suburbs, and his wife says no woman has a better husband and no kids a kinder father, and his pals know him for a staunch 'un—one which never looks the other way when a chap's on the rocks.

His failings? Well, they're his own, like his sins—they form a debt which a man has to pay up himself, and no one else is concerned with the sum total.

He loves a horse, this man does, apart from the business of his life, and the man who has to do with horses, even though he be a bookie, is a better man than one who has never been inside a stable in his life or seen a race run.

The lamp-post at that quiet corner is deserted—the policeman has finished his chat, the butcher's young man is busy serving his master's customers, so I leave too.

A few more turns bring me into another quiet locality.

There is my friend, the bookie, sauntering along.

A second later a white-jacketed barber, with a carefully curled and oiled head, is lingering in an alley. As I draw near, the bookie stops, the barber hurriedly gives up paper and coins, and my friend of the morning buttons up his coat over the day's takings.

"A good haul?" I ask, and he nods with a smile. He crows too soon, however, for he's unlucky. A man in blue has taken stock of this transaction. It means another fiver for the poor-box.

GREAT PLAYERS IN MINOR CRICKET.

There are at least two Test match players figuring in minor cricket, not, be it understood, as veterans, but men who are pretty certain to take part in the forthcoming Triangular Tests.

One is Sid Barnes, the famous Staffordshire bowler; the other, Llewellyn, who is attached to the Driffield Club, and will no doubt play for South Africa.



KIDNAPPING KERNAHAN.

A TERRITORIAL TALE.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

They had him in the Yeomanry Room of the Territorial Club at Brermouth. The squadron had promised to bathe him in beer. From the Lieutenant in charge of his pinnace they had got him leave till the advent of the bread boat in the misty morning.

The club steward, weeping in the background, was eloquent testimony to all that the folded-up billiard-cloth and the counterpane-wise arranged waterproof cloth meant. He—James Mears, A.B., of his Britannic Majesty's Navy—was to "caulk" on the raised settee in the billiard-room.

The squadron had adopted a sea-roll for days past. They had, according to Sergeant Gibson, of the utterly jealous cyclists, hitched invisible slacks. If one called them "Horse Marines," they were not one little bit annoyed. Together with the regiment as a whole, they had had practice in landing on the coast of Blankshire, which good, flat country was masquerading as Holland, where we are to set foot one day, say the powers who now, presumably, are sick of the German invasion idea.

To assist the French, represented by the Sixth Battalion and their Cyclists' Corps, the King's Own had landed.

The French, if our firm friends to-day, are our hereditary enemies. Perhaps that accounted for the disgust of Gibson. It was in his blood. He objected to having it mixed with his eternal Worthington.

Sitting around that night, Carteret ordered "an absinthe for our fat little Gallic friend here."

When the tornado subsided, James Mears, A.B., took a long pull at his sixth pint, and said, "Be quiet, m' darlin's, and I'll tell ye all. I'll tell ye what we've done with your Trooper Kernahan, and you shall judge just when ye shall have him back."

A polyglot person, he wished them all luck in illegitimate Irish, Scotch, and English.

"At this very moment," he said, "Terooper Kernahan must be very ill—very, very ill, with the Red Fleet rending 'em somewhere off Harwich. Our destroyers roll like anything in a lop like to-day's."

"The deuce, he is!" said Carteret. "Has it occurred to you he'll get the sack from his job, Beresford?"

"No, he's got a week's leave. We know that. We don't go about collidin' with the landlubber interest. And anyway, the Armies are mobilised for three days. This is strictly in order, gentlemen, as I wish ye to know. But all the same we're goin' to keep him, and never again is he comin' back to this—er—ah—very little homely sort o' cross between a Portsmouth pothouse and the Y.M.C.A. No more."

He braved the howls of derision. He cast about him a wise eye used to the limitless horizon, and took in the crossed singlesticks on the walls and the bar in the corner.

"Here there ain't no room for the beauty to expand, ye'll understand. He wants rume, rume! Ye'll be wonderin' how we captured him, no doubt. It was in the course o' the little giddy game o' soldiers which is the best I've struck since we used to play 'shops' and 'fathers and mothers' at school."

"To tell off his Majesty's second-class cruiser, Trenton, within two days o' manœuvres, to run about Territorials—darn good boys, as it happened—like a Southend tripper steamer, was, in my opinion, the limit. But Blue Army (Territorials) allied to Blue Fleet, and vice versa with the Reds, is a new, but not barnacled idea."

"First and for all, it was the expressed wish of Trooper Kernahan's captain that he and some billy boys called Carterey, and Stephen, and Hall should not manœuvre together owin' to the devilment in highly developed form they was likely to be up to. After the whole regiment's preliminary queries about the symptoms of *mal de mare* on the ocean-going greyhound, Trenton, he was told off to swelter, and be hanged to him, with a cosmopolitan crew, who, it seemed, knew him not, not bein' members of this highly superior collection of tin-hatted Territorials—meanin' no respect, but speakin' generally."

"A unit duly transported and landed en route for the Belgian frontier ain't no individual."

"Still, transplantin' Mr. K. was highly irregular, and, on the invitation from our Lieutenant Jenissey to swear at leisure, he explained it so. Me bein' a member o' the boat's crew couldn't 'elp over'earin' even if I would. Our Mr. Jenissey at once explains that he, personally, barred this philanderin', but 'ad expressed a desire to talk to one intelligent Territorial to get the 'ang of 'is *raisin date*—the reason for his existence. They fog it a bit in the papers."

"Wherefore, Mr. Kernahan," 'e says, 'they've shipped me you. Nice day for a sail,' 'e says, very bitter and sarcastic. All the mornin' 'e 'ad been feelin' round for the thing what rings when you punch the tickets, had our Mr. Jenissey, and parsin' remarks to match—such remarks!

"Your Trooper Kernahan 'ad 'is latitude and longitude quicker than a fly falls into the lower deck milk."

"I shall show you," he says, 'that we're in deadly earnest.'

"Most of 'em were in deadly trouble just then. The little feller with the sword was somewhere where they keep the painter coiled up; the Sergeant and the non-coms. was similarly uncomfortably circumstanced."

"F'r instance," says your Trooper Kernahan, 'it's even bettin' that our superiors are already hors-de-combat in sight of the enemy's shores. Wherefore, as senior trooper, I assume command as soon as we get on land and come to the horses.'

"That was a joke. He winked. The friendly 'Hollanders' in as deep blue jerseys as were ever turned out to order in a Scotch wool factory, had horses for them, it was understood, by Tensby Gap."

"There was a nasty, choppy, unkind little sea on, just the sort that flattens your irregular sea-goers. Anyway, this 'A' Squadron detachment was inlanders at any ratin'. 'Fore we came within sight o' the ultimate surf they was all prostrate barrin' Kernahan."

"The Lieutenant looks at 'em."

"Hardly a dependable fighting factor, Mr. Kernahan," says he. 'Think you not we 'ad better turn round and run 'em back again?'

"Nong, mercy," says your Mr. K. 'I ain't in the mood this lovely day for attendin' burials at sea.'

"Then how," says the Lieutenant, 'do you propose to reconcile your conscience with landing a contingent which are a sight less use than so many barrels o' mess pork? Note how easy they'll fall into the enemy's hands, he says.'

"But I thought you'd be rather pleased to get rid of us," says Mr. K.

"Oh, it's all right. I'm feelin' the entire purser aboard a Belle steamer now, thank you," says Mr. Jenissey. 'I



Kerna an collapsed unreservedly into an arme' air that a recruit vacated for him as a matter of course.



shall go pickin' round for the upper deck cornet and guitar band in a minute, askin' 'em to play "In the Shadows" by special request.'

" 'It's all right,' says the Trooper, winkin'. 'I can see you want to stop this game once and for all by gettin' the awful fatalities published in the newspapers. But not so,' says he; 'not so,' he says.

" 'Well, what's your solution of the problem?' asks the Lootenant.

" 'It's plain they've got to be planked on to *terra firma*,' says your Mr. Kernahan, 'so the key is our effecting of a landing has been resisted, and they're so many casualties. But they'll make a wonderful recovery, and, despite bandages around their heads, and horrible flesh wounds, they'll push on as soon—as soon,' he says, 'as the cliffs stop floatin' about in their eyes.'

" 'It's evident you're a strategist of no mean intelligence,' says our Lieutenant, 'and seein' that to-morrow I'm to be appointed to my first command of a Destroyer in Number Three-two-eight, I'd like you with me for the days of our war, as guide, philosopher, and friend. You wouldn't be any more in the way than the Pressman who usually accompanies our floating bits of crustaceous navy,' says he, or words to that effect.

" 'No,' says Mr. K. 'I'm going to cross-country on my ownsome and rejoin such friends as may or not be aching for me two miles distant at Tofterton Ness. Carterey, Stephen, and Hall are there,' says he.

" 'Oh, yes,' says our Lieutenant, and then he proceeds to give directions for the landing of the *non compos mentis*, carefully holding Mr. Kernahan back till last.

" Then, just as Mr. K. was going to say good-bye, 'Push off, you briny-optic'd beggars,' says our Lieutenant, or words to that effect, and, behold, just as we were clear of the gently shelving beech, it dawned on your Mr. K. that he was kidnapped!

" 'My orders,' says the Lootenant, 'are to see you don't form up with Carterey, Stephen, Hall, and company. Besides, I read it that as you can't be of any possible use to Blue Army by yourself, you're leased to me. You turn over to the Red Fleet with me to-morrow,' says he, 'unless you have any objection to my society.'

" 'Not the slightest,' says Mr. Kernahan, after very little thought; 'but after to-morrow it seems that I shall be only a prisoner, and,' he adds, 'on no sort of parole. I'm rather fond of wriggling out of messes, so please yourself.'

" 'It'll be amusing,' says the Lootenant.

" 'It cuts both ways,' says Mr. Kernahan. 'It's just as much to the interest of Blue Army to capture a Red Fleet man.'

" 'What, on his own perspiring, sea-going, potato-can? No, Archibald; certainly not,' says he, all laughing.

" 'But you've got to conduct me back to the Trenton to report the mishap to our party,' says Mr. K. 'The Trenton remains Blue Fleet, I think.'

" 'Just so,' says the Lootenant; 'but, always barring your objection, I think we shall be able to report you among the *hors de combat*. You ought to be by rights, if you'd only got a land-lubber's Little Mary on you.'

" 'Very well,' says Mr. K. 'Only remember it cuts both ways. No parole, and I shift out in my own way if possible. A Red Fleet destroyer wouldn't be a bad scalp for "B" squadron of the K.O.' says he."

James Mears, A.B., sat back and watched a smoke-ring thin into the air.

"An audacious young man," he commented, "but as I myself saw him conducted to his quarters six foot by six high and four broad aboard Three-two-eight, I ain't for bettin' he's any nearer than Harwich, where Red Fleet rendezvoused yesterday, while Blue signalmen are sent balmy heliographin' scout signals waitin' for their attack."

He was on his next pipe when a familiar step fell on the stairs, and, very tired and just a little pale, Trooper Kernahan, with Trooper Stephen, marched in. Between then they had a young man in oilies and a sou'-wester, dressed for plain (and heavy) sea.

When he took off his sou'-wester, James Mears, A.B., sprang up to the salute, discipline being a point in the Regular service, and he effaced himself as far as possible behind the piano.

Kernahan collapsed unreservedly into an arm-chair that a recruit vacated for him as a matter of course.

It was Stephen who did the honours to Lieutenant Jenissey, R.N.

"How did you get him?" asked Carteret, with no more interest than one inquiring about the landing of a fat trout.

Kernahan waved a limp hand in the direction of Stephen. "Can't gather much from the beggar. Understand he hasn't had a wink all night. But it seemed that when he got aboard Three-two-eight, he saw that if he wanted to effect anything he'd have to do it before they started on the following evening for the rendezvous off Harwich. War would be declared at midnight, and Three-two-eight, in her new character of enemy to Blue Fleet, to which she had been attached, would have to be well down coast by ten o'clock."

"He sought for and obtained permission to potter. The lieutenant, here, saw no objection to his fooling about with the Morse installation—"

"I thought," said the lieutenant, "that he was only anxious to show off, like any Terrier, with a smattering of signalling knowledge. But I didn't know the breed of your boys. Continue, young sportsman."

"I will. Well, all the time Kernahan reckoned I'd be about along the coast with the contingent of the Blue Army that was covering the landing of the hypothetical main body and ordered to clear the coast-line for them."

"He knew that, at any rate, I should be at Tensley or Tofterton, the supposed Dutch ports which we were holding against the Red or German army in case they got past the 'Frenchmen' on the frontier."

"The Three-two-eight was off Tofterton, and, apparently fooling with the transmitter, Kernahan, when they left him to what appeared to be his clumsy keying, turned the headlight shorewards, and ticked off the message:

" 'Stephen, of "B" Company, King's Own, to come in boat with two others to the side of Three-two-eight, where Kernahan is a prisoner, to-morrow, eight sharp.'—Sawry."

"The last word did it. I knew there was something about. I'd seen it all right, as reading the battleships' messages is usually an amusement of mine when we've got any of the fleet off here—"

"Too deuced keen," said the lieutenant, unhappily.

"Well, you can bet I recognised that it was no use going with a fanfare of trumpets. If K. was a prisoner, there was need for caution, for rescue was too plainly the line. At the time of reading the message I was on the cliffs with an outpost. With no sign of Red army there was plenty of opportunity to think out a plan."

"Of course they'd see us. Of course they'd hail us from Three-two-eight. The only thing was to approach not only with caution, but with an adequate and plausible disguise."

"I tumbled on the sweet and simple idea after a time. Living near the sea, most 'B' men could row all right. The stiff pull I didn't fear so much, but with the searchlight turned on our bright and over-brilliant-buttoned khaki, where should we have been?"

"The next morning I took two chaps into my confidence, got the requisite leave, and had civilian suits fetched for two of us while the best oarsman was told off to look like a Brermouth beachman to the very moral or be damned for ever."

"The wheeze by this time you may have rumbled. I dressed my part all right, I think."

"Your imitation Panama," said the lieutenant, "took us in completely."

"But you say nothing about my red cummerbund," said Stephen, a little disappointedly.

"You were so ashamed of it, in my opinion, that you buttoned it up. Your white home-crocheted tie was awful enough, though."

"Oh, it was, was it?" said Stephen, a little gratified. "It ought to have been, seeing the trouble I had to get that tout ensemble wasn't so bad, was it?"

"The hat-guard on his straw hat, and his white canvas shoes made him. Your hefty beachman and oarsman was, as you would say to the moral," said the lieutenant.

He turned to the company.

"They were imitation enough, but they got some real red-hot remarks when one of them in Cockney accents—"

"That was me," said Stephen, wagging his head.

"When one of them in Cockney accents," the lieutenant continued, "hailed us and asked if he could come aboard and look round our ship. Look over our ship by moonlight just as the flashlights were telling us war was declared!"

"It was just," said Stephen with satisfaction, "what a party of trippers would do. I had to hack our beachman

(Continued on page 888.)



SWINDLES

A CRIMINAL'S REVELATIONS.

By WORMWOOD PORTLAND

16.—Why Pay Rent?

[We desire it to be thoroughly understood that the names of all the people mentioned in these articles are fictitious. Where reference is made to men and women still alive, any indication as to their actual identity has been removed from the manuscript.—EDITOR.]

Somebody has written to ask a question which I think is very likely to have occurred to a good many other readers. He points out that my swindles don't resemble each other, because of this variety, he says, that he never tires of reading of my exploits. But at the same time, he wants to know whether the single instance I give of so many different kinds of fraud stands for the only occasion on which I worked the particular fraud of which it is a demonstration.

Now this letter to which I am referring, is the only letter that has been addressed to me personally about these revelations of mine since I started them, and I naturally have pleasure in replying to it. In saying this, I am assuming that the inquiry is a genuine one, and not a police trap; but to keep on the safe side, I don't reply to my correspondent through the post.

IN GENERAL PRACTICE.
As to the variety on which, intentionally or unintentionally, he compliments me, much is accounted for by the fact (to which I believe I have once or twice alluded) that I was never a specialist, but always a general practitioner; but, at the same time, there were certain of my swindles that, with a little variation and adaptation, according to circumstances, I did not hesitate to repeat, sometimes over and over again, although I purposely limit myself to giving only one example, as a specimen.

For instance, the best houses I ever lived in, I never bought, leased, or paid rent for. I daresay I could remember a dozen cases of my rent-free swindle, if I tried, but as they were all much the same, one selected illustration will serve for all the others.

The circumstances were as follows.
Like other Londoners, I was occasionally seized with a fancy for a change to the country, and when the fancy was gratified, I was never long in the country before—like other Londoners again—I wanted to get back to town.

A HOUSE AT HENLEY
One of the pleasantest—and most lucrative—of these changes was when I moved for a few weeks from my dingy rooms, in a back street off Shaftesbury Avenue, to White Grange, Henley—one of the most delightful riparian residences, on a moderate scale, on the whole Thames-side. I read all about it in an advertisement in the "Times," of which I had bought a copy for the express purpose of fixing on the "desirable furnished country house" which I would "rent" for the approaching summer season. By-the-by, whenever I was hard up for a swindle, I always fell back on advertisers.

"To be let, furnished, for a term of six months or longer, the White Grange, Henley. Eight bedrooms, drawing, and reception-rooms, &c. Usual offices. Modern drainage, improvements, and electric light. Standing in its own well laid-out grounds of 3½ acres, with water-side frontage. Boat and boat-house. Accommodation for one car. Apply, Owner, on the premises."

DEALING WITH A PRINCIPAL.
As nearly as I can recollect now, that was how the announcement ran, and I at once decided that the White Grange would do nicely. I was glad to notice that the place wasn't in the hands of agents, for the man who thought he could do without them probably flattered himself on his business abilities, and therefore should be all the easier to play up to.

As with references, so with accommodation addresses—any swindler in the swim can always arrange for them with very little trouble, and the note I posted to "Owner" was swaggery headed. The response I received per return, signed Francis E. Ellamaine, was quite satisfactory, and a

few days afterwards I went down to interview him and inspect his property.

He met me at the station—a fussy, middle-aged man of the "born-rich-and-never-did-anything" type. Driving to the house, he let out two things that gave me a lead. In the first place, he was a newly-made widower, his wife having been drowned out of their own boat only a few weeks before. He seemed to be very sorry for her, and to think more of

what she had lost in being taken from him than of what he had lost in losing her; but all the same, he was obviously sincere in his feverish anxiety to get away from the scene where he had made her so happy, and to spend the next year on the Continent. My own opinion was that he wanted to go on the bust.

HIS OPINION OF AGENTS.

The second thing he betrayed—a premeditated remark on my part provoking his outburst—was his detestation of house and estate agents and all their tribe. "Sharks," "thieves," "frauds," "swindlers," were some of the epithets of vituperation in which he indulged in speaking of them. He started to tell me how one of them had recently treated him in connection with some cottage property in the town, but I felt no interest in his story of the transaction, and paid little attention to it, simply ejaculating "damn shame" often enough to show that I heartily agreed with him.

It was sufficient for me to know that I shouldn't be professionally interfered with in the coming agreement between Mr. Francis E. Ellamaine and Captain Seymour Montgomery—the name and title I had assumed for the time being, after first consulting the Army List, and then ascertaining that their lawful bearer was away in the wilds of Central Africa, big-game shooting.

White Grange proved quite up to my expectations; in fact, its attractions exceeded those claimed for it in the advertisement, which thus evidenced its amateur authorship. Neither of us wanted to lose time over the negotiations, which were so far concluded before I left to return to town that I suggested:

HIS OWN AGREEMENT.

"Then you will draw up the agreement yourself, Mr. Ellamaine? I'm sure I shall be entirely safe in leaving everything of that sort in your hands. I only wish I had some of your business aptitude myself—I'm thinking that if I had I shouldn't have been fleeced so often as I have been, one way and another."

I made a point of volunteering the names of a couple of "references" before the stage was reached at which he would have been justified in asking for them. I know he wrote to one of them, and received a satisfactory reply. I dictated it.

In the end, I took over the whole place, just as everything stood—house, grounds, furniture, plate, linen, and servants—for a term of six months, the tenancy being renewable for another term of six months at my option, the rental working out at the rate of twelve guineas a week. I think that Ellamaine had expected a weekly cheque. It was because I had an idea in my head that this was the idea in his head that I mentioned I should prefer to pay monthly instead of quarterly.

"What about your letters?" I asked, as he handed me over the keys.

LETTERS TO BE FORWARDED.

"I was going to mention them," he said. "Will you mind forwarding them on to me as they arrive, or as I shall be able to let you know where I am? I expect to be moving about so much, at all events for the first few months, that I haven't made any other arrangements."

It was the middle of June when I took possession—and all was rumbo. The country was at its best; the river was lively, with an increasing flotilla of skiffs, punts, and house-boats. Henley was already filling up with visitors. Tradesmen competed for my custom, obsequious in their solicitation of orders. Not one of them delivered a single bill at the White Grange all the time I bossed it there. As I was good enough for Mr. Ellamaine, it stood to reason that I was good enough for them.

I enjoyed myself up to the hilt, and lived like a fighting-cock. I even succeeded, with only one or two failures, in taking advantage of my address and the supposed position it gave me to get some valuable articles down from London on tick. I had thought of pinching some of my landlord's



goods before I went away, but, of course, we had taken, in duplicate, an exact inventory, and this fact would have facilitated discovery and identification—and conviction; and a charge of theft would have been a more serious thing than any charge I was already running the risk of. To this consideration Ellamaine owes a good deal.

For more than three weeks I had my fling at Henley before I troubled myself to take any steps for the sub-subletting of my "desirable furnished residence, standing in its own well laid-out grounds of 3½ acres."

Regatta week was drawing near, with every sign that the swellest aquatic carnival of the year would be as fashionably attended as ever, and more numerous even than usual. An American crew had entered, and arrived, and according to the papers a lot of their fellow-countrymen and fellow-countrywomen were on the way over, to increase the crowd. For a period to include "Henley week," there would be plenty of people eager to take a fine river-side residence, such as the White Grange was, off my hands, on my own terms.

Unlike the astute-gentleman with whom I had negotiated for it in the first instance, I believed in the policy of employing an agent to do an agent's proper work. I also believed in the practical value of a big and fashionable reputation, and, therefore, when I did act, picked on a tip-top West-End firm as the most suitable people for the little job I had in hand—for the time had come.

IMPERSONATION.

Representing myself to be Francis E. Ellamaine in person, I gave them a call, coming up to town for the first time since my charming country holiday had begun. On hearing particulars of "my place at Henley," and learning that I desired to let it, furnished, provided an irreproachable tenant could be introduced to me, they said they had several clients on their books whom, they thought, it would exactly suit. They believed they could find me a tenant immediately.

The very next day they sent me a wire, preparing me for a call from a Mr. Gregory Larter.

He came—he saw—I conquered.

There was only one moment of even threatened danger—when the man-servant addressed me as "Captain." I saw that my visitor was about to remark on this, so I anticipated whatever he was going to say. "An old Volunteer commission," I explained deprecatingly. "I never use the title now, and prefer not to be addressed by it. But my man sometimes forgets himself, and drops into it."

THIN ICE

There's nothing in the incident, except that it shows how easily and unexpectedly you can find yourself on thin ice, and how necessary it is to be on the look-out all the time, and ready for any sudden emergency. As for the danger that Larter would ask for "Mr. Ellamaine" on arrival, I guarded against that by taking care to be on hand myself.

Gregory Larter was an ex-Colonial. Letting him talk in his own free-and-easy fashion, I soon learnt that he had come on home in advance of a socially ambitious wife and family, of whose arrival he was now in immediate expectation. He shied at the idea of spending the rest of the summer in London, but was afraid he'd be made to unless he fixed up for a country house where he could breathe—did so, that is to say, before Mrs. L. could stop him.

Everything, he said, pointed to a quick deal if there was to be one at all—and for this (having received a rather sharp reminder from Ellamaine that cheque was due) I was as eager covertly as he was openly, by the time he'd made the tour of the premises.

ANOTHER BIDDER.

The agents had quoted him twenty-five pounds a week, inclusive and all at. What would I take for three months? Twenty-five pounds a week, I told him—provided I hadn't let to another man before he made up his mind. I expected the other man down that evening. He was a stockbroker who did business for me sometimes, and as he'd been down before, and knew the place, I supposed his coming now meant that he was keen on taking it. By-the-by, to avoid delay, and—Mr. Larter would excuse me—the nuisance of making inquiries in his case, the first month's rent would be payable in advance.

Gregory closed on the spot. I met him at the agent's next day, and left their offices with a hundred pounds in my pocket, less commission. I wasn't going back to Henley, and made it cash because of the hurry I was in to get where it was unlikely I could be caught.

[Another of these revelations will appear next week.—EDITOR.]

TEMPER IN SPORT.

MORE EXCUSABLE IN FIELD SPORTS THAN GAMES.

The rule that one should always keep one's temper when engaged in any form of recreation is relaxed to some extent in the realm of sport as contrasted with that of games and pastimes.

With the single exception of golf, where bunkers and hazards are traditionally held to justify a certain amount of temper and the language that forms its expression, it is considered the depth of bad form for the loser at any game of chance or skill to allow his feelings to express themselves in a violent manner.

It is not exactly so in the case of field sports, where occasions exacerbating to private feelings are more numerous. The angler with a broken top and his line in a tangle, or triangles fast in a snag, or his dropper caught by the topmost branch of an alder may use the strongest of language and probably does. But he is usually alone, and does little harm but to himself.

SHOOTING A DOG.

In shooting, the most temper-trying event that can occur is the springing (out of range) of a covey of birds by a wide-ranging setter or pointer, amenable neither to voice nor whistle. Despite the classical example of Mr. Soapy Sponge and "Ponto," the expression of temper under such circumstances which formerly took the form of "peppering" the culprit, has very properly fallen into disuse, and no true sportsman would nowadays shoot with a man who deliberately fired at a disobedient dog.

But in the hunting field it is different.

Although, there, only one man is permitted to show that he has lost his temper, and that man the Master, he is by consent allowed to show it in the most unmistakable way, and with the least restraint of language.

HUNTING CRIMES

There is some amount of commonsense in this, for all sorts and conditions of men come out hunting, and many of them would not understand a request couched in the polite terms of the drawing-room. Over-riding hounds, heading foxes, holloaing harriers on to fresh hares, running up and down the river banks instead of standing still when an otter is afloat, are all crimes inimical to sport, and demanding instant castigation; and since assault is forbidden in the hunting-field, the castigation of the culprit must perforce be verbal.

Some Masters rely upon a volley of oaths; others upon some neatly-aimed sarcasm. It is a convention of the hunting-field that nothing a Master says in the heat of the moment is to be recalled or resented later; but the man who relies on sarcasm only will inevitably make enemies, since all his barbs will not be free from a poison that will rankle for life. Perhaps the combination of mild sarcasm reinforced with a leaven of the more "respectable" words is the safest and most effective expression of temper in the hunting-field.

AIR AND EXERCISE.

Lord Willoughby de Broke is credited with having asked a "tailor" who had galloped into the pack and killed him a couple of hounds, "Why the blank he came out hunting?"

"For air and exercise, my lord," was the reply.

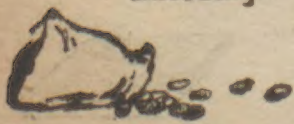
"Then go home and blow yourself out with a bellows and you'll get both," was the noble Master's effectual rejoinder.

A past Master of a noted North Country hunt once ran an afternoon fox into the laurels surrounding his own mansion. His wife and the ladies of the house-party, with all the female servants, hearing the cry of hounds rushed out and spread themselves over the path taken by the fox. The result was that hounds threw up and failed to recover the line.

"Blast you!" screamed the insensed Master to his women-folk, when he saw what had happened; "you were made for kissing and cooking, and I'm damned if you can do anything but spoil food and sport."

I once heard a Master of Otter-hounds who was trying with terriers to bolt an otter from a tree-root, tell the quarry that had gathered round in the hope of seeing the quarry (in spite of his repeated requests that they should stand farther back): "No otter will come out with a lot of (adverb) foolish faces like yours staring at him," a remark that had an instant effect.

FREDERICK HOLMES.



THE STORY OF A START.

By ROBERT OVERTON.

...Mr. Barvis ceases to be the representative
of Baines, and Porkey. That is to say, in a certain

110

that he wanted to place a big export order with us. Particulars were gone into, and the stock-book was in frequent reference. When I heard Mr. Furflax inquire, 'When could you guarantee delivery?' I calculated that the business looked like coming off all right.

"Three weeks?" suggested Mr. Clare.

"Yes—I could give you till then, but no longer," stipulated the buyer. 'Usual terms, of course—four months and a month.'

"Money's rather tight with us just now," Mr. Willis remarked a little dubiously, after a glance at his partner; I was watching all three of them—"We should be prepared to allow a liberal discount for cash."

"I don't do business on those terms," was the response to this very broad hint. 'You can call my offer a firm one, if you like—as it stands, for three clear days. Take it or leave it'—and when he went, after a little more conversation, I thought he looked pretty sure about his order being accepted.

"What I hadn't picked up during the interview I picked up afterwards.

"The order we held—if we chose to accept it—Furflax had given, not as an agent, but as a principal, and therefore we had nobody else to look to for the money, which would amount to nearly thirteen hundred pounds.

"Enough to make us," said the managing clerk, who was an optimist, thinking of the profit we should make and to what advantage we could turn over the ready cash.

"Enough to break us," said the ledger-keeper, who was a pessimist, thinking of a possible bad debt.

"Furflax had given us two trade references, and besides making the usual inquiries of these we put him through Stubbs's and Perry's. The replies were not as definite as they might have been, but nothing whatever appeared to be known against the man.

"In case you should be wondering, gentlemen, how it was that a junior clerk should have been so well posted up in all this as I have shown myself to have been, I really feel obliged to confess that I was considered to be unusually 'smart.' I knew I had my own way to make—I was out to learn—and I took care to learn all there was to learn, about everything and everybody connected with the business. I made it a point to keep my ears open as well as my eyes; and I read every letter that I had to copy and every letter that I had to endorse and pigeon-hole.

"Now, Mr. W. E. Furflax hadn't volunteered a bank reference, but when he was asked for one he named our own bank, who informed us that he had had an account with them for several years, and had always punctually met his engagements. Now, if you come to think of it, what was the real good of a report like that? What practical good ever is a bank reference when it's about one of its own customers? In my opinion and my experience, it's always either superfluous or non-committal.

"Always punctually met his engagements' had, however, I must admit, a reassuring ring about it, and I think it turned the scale. At all events, when the third of the three days we had for consideration arrived, the firm had decided to accept and execute the order. And accepted and executed it certainly would have been but for that simple incident I have alluded to, in which I took the leading part—in fact, there was only one part to take.

"About three o'clock I was sent to the bank—in Lombard Street—to cash a small cheque for petty cash. The trip took about half an hour, and when I arrived I was blocked off from the 'C' cashier by the setting-in of the rush before closing time.

"As I waited at the tail-end of the queue I watched a stream of people in front of a railed-off clerk at the far end of the long counter. Everybody in the stream either had a pass-book in his hand when he went up or came away. In the former case, he slipped it into a wide slip in front of the counter, for pass-books to be made up; in the latter case, he had simply mentioned the name of a depositor or depositing firm, whereupon the clerk had handed him the pass-book thus called for—made up.

"I had seen all this before, but never so many asking for their principals' bank-books at the same time. It didn't strike me at the time, but it has often done so since, that the whole arrangement was awfully careless—I mean the giving-out of the books without the production of credentials—but I've seen just the same sort of thing, over and over again, since that afternoon when I took advantage of it.

"The big idea that flashed into my small head—it's got swollen, gentlemen, in later years—I carried out without

an instant's hesitation. If Furflax's pass-book happened to be in, I was going to happen to take it out. That was as far as he knew, hadn't been closed with yet—and the reference in the world would be a look at his bank account.

"Furflax, W. E.' was all I said—firmly and sharply.

"It was in. The busy clerk scarcely looked at me as he handed it across.

"When I got back, there was a pile of letters waiting for me to put through the copying press. The top one was to Furflax, formally accepting his order. I took it up to the governor's table.

"I think you'd better let me destroy this, sir," I was looking first at one of them and then at the other. "is no good, sir. He's only got £1 3s. 4d. to his credit at the bank. His pass-book goes back three years, which shows what a little business he can have done. He's never had £100 to the good all the time, and only paid in £80 to start with."

"I forget how long it was before Clare was able to ejaculate 'What!' and Willis to gasp 'His pass-book!'

"Yes, sir. Here it is"—and I planked it down in front of the two of them. Leaving my explanation till they should ask for it, I then moved quickly away to give them a chance of opening it unperceived, and of telling me afterwards that they wouldn't think of doing such a thing.

"I posted a letter to 13, Mincing Lane that evening but it wasn't the one its recipient would have had. It was the boy who posted it.

"I was ordered to take the book back to the bank next morning before I showed myself at the office, so it was late when I reached the latter, where I was given a lecture and a rise the following week. When the name of W. E. Furflax figured in the bankruptcy list, just within a month I asked for another—and got it.

"Clare, Willis, and Co. pushed me up in their own way as high as they could, and before they let me go they procured me the better berth into which I stepped. From that I got into Yorkey, Baines, and Porkey's.

"And now, gentlemen, if you please, you will change your glasses and have one with me."

ONLY AN ANCIENT ROOF.

A COUNTRYMAN'S FEELINGS IN THE CITY.

Heaven keep the man whose heart is in a quiet, quiet countryside, and whose work is in a great city! If there is any experience more desolating than that first day or two when every view is bounded by bricks, when a distant suffocation, and when all men are strangers, then it is hell itself. But I can hardly believe it possible.

At least I can hardly do so while I am yet fresh from the land of my birth and upbringing. This town is, indeed, a place without sympathy, and very stony to the stranger. He has so little concern with him. He may come or go, it is a matter of complete indifference to him.

Such at the moment are my feelings on entering a city which is strange to me. Indoors or outdoors the feeling is the same, and I can rest nowhere for long until this wayward city spell, of which all men talk, has worked its way into my blood and I become inoculated with its influences.

I shall be a bad patient, I know, for I am clinging hard to the past. And the sole visible source of my strength is a glimpse of an old roof!

Just across I don't know how many narrow streets, and over I don't care to count how many monotonous, risid, level, modern housetops, there is a glimpse of an ancient roof.

It is high-pitched, and its pointed gable is a spire of hope amid the flat-topped, hard lines of the city's newer houses. It is tiled with the old red curved earthenware tiles that have grimed them, they would be a mellow, warm red, such as covers the old barns and cottages I have lately left.

From the midst of the tiles a quaint window juts out. Surely that window was built when fields were opposite the house!

In any case, it brings everything dear to me back to memory—this glimpse of ancient roof—seen through a mass of zinc and brick chimney-stacks. And probably the one thing of slum-dwellers live beneath it—the one thing of a dead sea of ugliness!

C. EASTON-GREY.



RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by our
PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

FOR FENCERS.

HOW TO GET THE MUSCLES INTO CONDITION.

Here are some useful balance exercises for those taking up fencing for the first time, and whose first object should be to acquire a firm yet easy balance.

Standing in the First Fencing Position—that is, facing half left with the right heel in front of and against the heel of the left foot, feet at right angles, weight of the body on the left foot—perform the following motions:

1. Move the right foot about eight inches to the rear of the left heel, the toe lightly touching the ground, with the heel perpendicular to it, keeping the knees well apart.
2. Raise the body gradually by extending the left leg.
3. Bend the left knee, and resume the position you were in at (1).
4. Advance the right leg with a smart beat about eighteen inches in front of the left foot, and then extending both knees bring the right heel back to the left.

Repeat six to twelve times, and then do it with the left foot in advance of the right.



Keep on the toes.

STATIONARY RUNNING.

A SIMPLE LEG EXERCISE.

This is a simple but capital exercise for improving the wind, developing the legs, and reducing and hardening the stomach.

To perform: stand with the hands by the side, and then draw up first one leg and then the other, being careful to keep on the toes all the time.

The knee, as shown in the illustration, should be raised as high as the waist and well bent.

The arms should be worked as if you were actually sprinting.

If you like, you can hold dumb-bells or other weights in them, but it is not necessary.

"NERVES."

SUGGESTED CURE FOR A COMMON COMPLAINT.

There may be men who never suffer from "nerves" when playing in, or about to play in, an important match, but if so they are exceptional. I have seen famous batsmen the colour of chalk when their turn came to go in a Test Match.

Jack Johnson, I am credibly informed, was shaking like a leaf before he left his dressing-room to meet Jeffries. Bombardier Wells is always highly nervous in the Ring until the bell or gong goes.

I saw the start of the last Varsity boat race, and the faces of the men were ashen and not with cold.

There is nothing extraordinary about such nervousness. Champion athletes are almost invariably highly strung, and the attack of "nerves" usually vanishes the moment the contest begins.

But the "nerves" that do not pass, or that make themselves felt in the midst of action, are a different matter, and require attention.

The weakness may be due to many things—to excess of alcohol or tobacco, to over-excitement; or to having too much dependent on the result, but in many cases it is caused by staleness; not necessarily the staleness that comes of playing a game too much, but a general staleness of mind and body, more particularly the latter.

Now the man who finds himself shaking after every short putt or simple cannon is apt to think that what he requires is hard outdoor exercise and plenty of it. This may be so in some cases, but in many what the sufferer requires is not more exercise but a complete rest.



He is "nervy" because he is physically and mentally below par. His nervous system is tired and ill-nourished, and both he and his body want rest and feeding up.

A man in this state wants to learn to practise the fine art of doing nothing. If he does any exercise at all it should be of the kind that he should avoid competitive games.

Hard exercise is a remedy for many ills, but it is the worst thing possible for a man who is thoroughly run down, "jumpy," and on the verge of neurasthenia.

PHYSICAL CULTURE ANSWERS.

J. M. L. (Chester).—It is a fact that a glass of sherry and a biscuit have been known to put over 11lb. on to a jockey who has been "wasting," but the physiological explanation is too lengthy to enter into here.

"Turk" (Woking).—A young man does not need Turkish baths, for he can usually get all the free exercise he requires from violent exercises which are usually to the middle-aged. At the same time, any man, whatever his age, who is forced to lead a continuously inactive life will benefit by a Turkish bath once a week or so.

A. C. (Peterborough).—A "second string" in the city and other sports usually runs solely to make the first for his "first string," but he may be allowed to run on his merits, while in the event of anything happening to his "first string," it is his duty to try to win. He gets a "blue," save in extraordinary circumstances.

R. M. B. (Ealing).—Long distance runners are usually men of middle height and light in the body, though naturally they must have well-developed lungs. Big, heavy men shine at distances up to a quarter of a mile, but rarely over it.

P. G. (Ashford) travelled in the train the other day with a man who had corns on the backs of his fingers. I wonder what he may have been. I do not pretend to be Sherlock Holmes at 8st. 5lb., but such callosities are characteristic of harness-makers. The hands being used alternately in sewing harness, the corns which are caused by the thread passing and rubbing across the backs of the fingers appear on both hands, and are particularly marked on the little fingers. Saddle-makers have corns on the inside of their hands just at the roots of the fingers.

"Rowlock" (Hendon).—It is not a "feather" when rowing at sea. You want to bring the oar well out of the water, so as to prevent its being hit by the coming wave.

R. A. C. (Bristol).—The pain in the ankle after walking any distance may be due to weakness, or to incipient gonorrheumatism. Better consult a doctor.

"Piscator" (Edinburgh).—By all means practise throwing a fly with either hand. If you can only use one hand your wrist is bound to tire in the course of a long day's fishing when half your skill will be gone. The wrist exercises I gave you recently will be useful to you.

INDIVIDUAL ATTENTION IN PHYSICAL CULTURE

by a thoroughly competent specialist is an absolute necessity if really beneficial results are desired. This individuality cannot be given by expounding of general cheaper courses; but, on the other hand, it is unnecessary to pay a number of guineas for a course of instructions to suit your needs.

The Robinson system of "Psycho-Vibratory" Physical Culture gives individual attention to all pupils, so that Health and Physical Perfection are a natural result obtained. No apparatus is used, making it possible to perform the exercises anywhere at any time.

Write NOW for my Free Booklet, "The Use and Abuse of Exercise," containing my method, and giving particulars of my Great Cash Gifts Scheme.

J. JACKSON ROBINSON, PHYSICAL CULTURE SPECIALIST.

(Dept. M7), 18, Cheltenham Avenue, Liverpool 5.

YOU KNOW that Success in Life depends upon Strength of Personality. Why not develop the Power upon which you hinge Success? The Settef Course of Will-Culture" (Entered Stationers' Hall) teaches how to develop YOUR Personality—YOUR Powers of Concentration, Self-Reliance, Self-Control, and Personal Magnetism—to double their present strength in from 3 to 4 months. Cures Mental Wandering, brightens your life and broadens your outlook. The package for the whole course (four lessons) is only 2s. 6d. Course sent by post. It will pay YOU to enrol. Send TO-DAY.

THE ST. SETTEF INSTITUTE (Dept. M.), PERTH, N.B.



NATIONALITY IN WAR

"CHINSTRAP" COMPARES THE ENGLISHMAN, THE SCOTSMAN, AND THE IRISHMAN AS FIGHTERS.

Civil war, some political writers would have us believe, is on the horizon, though, pray Heaven, it will not come. Regular warfare is bad enough, but civil war is a thousand times worse.

Remember, for one thing, that a man who takes up arms against his State has no belligerent rights. He is a rebel, and, as such, liable to be shot or hanged out of hand when captured, whereas in war between opposing States a captured soldier is a "prisoner of war" and his life is sacred.

However, what are the fighting characteristics of the British races who may soon be pitted against each other? The Irishman fights for the love of it, the Englishman from a sense of duty, the Scot as a matter of business coupled with religion.

A MOZART STORY.

Paddy is the man for forlorn hopes. No odds are too big for him to tackle, which reminds me of a story told me by that excellent comedian, Mr. George Mozart, who, by the way, as an ex-Volunteer, is a member of the National Reserve.

While appearing at Cork, he went for a stroll on the pier, at the end of which he found an aged Irishman in charge of a small brass cannon used for saluting and signalling purposes. Mr. Mozart entered into conversation with the ancient, and the talk turned on Home Rule. Mr. Mozart expressed the opinion that Home Rule would expose Ireland to invasion by some foreign country, but the old man was not impressed.

"Well," said Mr. Mozart, pointing out to sea, "supposing you saw the French fleet steaming in to invade Ireland this very minute, what would you do?"

"Do?" roared the old man, patting the toy cannon. "Why, loose this off and blow the dirty dogs to—a very warm place."

NEVER MIND THE ODDS.

That is Paddy all over. His lack of a sense of proportion, his indifference to the odds, often enable him to work best without leading. Either he is going to fight on his own hook and his own way or he won't fight at all.

The Englishman, on the other hand, wants leading, though he will fight well even if badly led.

But the Scotsman must be well led. If he loses confidence in his officers, if he is foolishly handled, he won't run away, but like a mule, he will stick his forefeet into the ground and refuse to budge.

Then he is apt to be jealous—not to say cantankerous. Wound his national susceptibilities, let him think that he is being "put upon," that he is being deprived of his rightful precedence or place in the order of battle, and, like Achilles, he will retire to his tent and sulk, and the battle may go hang for all he cares. This criticism applies equally to the Welshman. He requires very tactful handling, more especially by "foreigners."

FIGHTING HUNGRY.

The Irishman will as lief fight on an empty stomach as a full one, the Englishman fights best when his inner man is satisfied, but the Scotsman won't fight hungry.

Neither threats nor persuasion will induce a Scottish regiment to move into battle breakfastless—that is, if there is any breakfast going. If there is none, then he will fight, and it's heaven help the other side, for a Scotsman forced to load on an empty belly is more dangerous than a waggon-load of pythons or cobras.

Paddy is all for close quarters. He is as likely as not to throw away his rifle or to use it as a club. John Bull is not averse to bayonet work, but the Highlander, though he will charge and none better, relies mainly on his rifle. It is a sort of religion with him, and it would trouble his economical spirit were he to waste a shot, whereas the Irishman and the Englishman are apt to fire anyhow.

The Scotsman takes care of himself. The Irishman will drink any kind of wayside water, the Englishman is not

much more particular, but the Scotsman wants a chemical analysis made before he will touch a drop.

When it comes to marching, the Irishman cracks up first, the Scotsman last. The Scot would "think shame of himself" to have a blistered foot, the Irishman regards a hole in his heel as something to be proud of and to make a joke of, the Englishman often never thinks of taking care of his feet unless told to do so.

The Scot, in short, is the most intelligent and business-like fighter of the three nations. This is why he must be well led. The "bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth" does not appeal to him, and he has no fancy for unnecessary risks. In war, as in other things, the Scot is ruled by his head.

ORDER OF PRECEDENCE.

The wise general of a mixed force uses the Irishman to open the ball, the Englishman to continue the good work, and the Scotsman to complete it, knowing that he will stand the strain of waiting better than the other two.

The Irishman is as sociable in war as he is out of it; the Englishman is inclined to be stand-offish at first, but soon thaws; a Scottish regiment keeps itself to itself.

The Gurkha is the only "foreigner" with whom the Highlander will fraternise on the battle-field, and the Scot is the only man who dare give a Gurkha a friendly clout on the head without getting a kookrie in his stomach.

The Irishman regards war as a huge joke; the Englishman fights because someone in authority has told him to; the Scotsman goes into battle of his own free will, sustained by the conviction that the Lord has His eye upon him, and that he has been specially chosen to carry out the "guid wark."

"CHINSTRAP."



The short player soliloquising: "If only I'd had my height increased by Girvan, as my partner has, I'd have been able to take that ball myself."



If you would like to be taller write to me for particulars of my wonderful system. If you are under forty, I can increase your height by from two to three inches within three months. My methods are perfectly natural and scientific. No appliances are used. Write to me to-day.



ARTHUR GIRVAN,

Specialist in the...

Increase of Height

(Dept. MM.), 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.

AFTERWARDS.

THE SPORTSMAN'S THOUGHTS WHEN THE BATTLE HAS BEEN FOUGHT.

There is in every sportsman's nature a keen sense of the pleasures of reminiscence. If it were not so there would be none of that delightful occupation known as fighting one's battles over again; or, at least, there would be less of it, and if this were so, the companionship of sportsman with sportsman would be robbed of a very large part of its pleasure.

Listen to any two or three men in the smoking-room, or in any of the places where men most do congregate after work is done, and you will assuredly find that a large proportion of them are going over old sporting ground.

Men are most easily bored by hearing the other man relating his experiences on average, non-sporting affairs, and no man can so easily earn the verdict of "bore" than by telling his experiences of these everyday matters. With sport it is different—fortunately.

SPORT IN RETROSPECT.

There is another aspect of this indulgence, and that is where the sportsman has only himself for audience, if one may so express it. These are the times when he is most free with his comments, when he hides nothing, either of his failures or his triumphs, when he can look with critical calmness upon his own performances on the field, and see, perhaps, how he has fallen short of all he had pictured to himself before the game began.

When you set out for that field with the thin white posts at either end, did you not imagine yourself flying down the wings with the ball obedient and well under control? Did you not, in imagination perform really brilliant work in getting the better of your opponents? Did you not almost hear a vague roar of cheering as (again in imagination) you emerged somewhere in front of goal, still with the ball at your disposal, after the run of the day down the centre or the inner wing?

FIT FOR ANYTHING.

Surely, as you ran out of the pavilion, in the first freedom of your football clothes, you went out on the field feeling ready and able to do anything, whatever the opposition! It was an exhilarating sensation, and one that never did a sportsman any harm.

At last the game is over. Half-time found you a bit done up, and still you had not accomplished half you had hoped. You played on doggedly, when—that whistle suddenly put an end to your game, and there was no further opportunity.

Then, with your hand on a fellow-player's shoulder, you went, a little stiffly, back to the pavilion to change.

It was pleasant to get back into everyday clothes, certainly.

With bag in hand, you walked leisurely away from the ground. Then your mind began to go over the battle again, and you saw yourself as you actually played, and not as you imagined you would play before the game began.

ANTICIPATION AND ACCOMPLISHMENT.

Truly, there was a great difference in the two pictures, though in the latter there was nothing to be ashamed of.

Somehow, those fine runs down half the field never came off in reality. Just as you were, as you thought, really "off," some opponent, who proved just as skilful as yourself, came along and spoiled your little game. Instead of flying forward, you found yourself running back, and back, making frantic, and most exhausting efforts to re-capture the ball from the other man. But you were out-maneuvred again and again, and in the end had to leave the task to the defence-line behind you.

Then there was that dramatic moment in front of goal when, somehow, success seemed certain. But, alas! in spite of your efforts the ball would not go through! Why didn't you somehow manage to take a different line of action and see it through?

These, and a hundred other interesting problems present themselves as you walk silently home. Your muscles keep time with your thoughts, and you now and then feel them straining and thrilling as you imagine yourself tearing up and down the field.

Such pictures are still running through your mind as you almost doze in the train, and by the time you reach your station you are deep in a wild and furious battle—in a brief nap.

W. GATES.

KIDNAPPING KERNAHAN—(Continued from page 887)

on the shins, though, for laughing and rowing up-river—trying to feather his oars, bless you! The lop of the evening had gone down; calm had come up with the night. Contrary to curses, we slithered alongside. I had caught sight of old K.'s fluttering handkerchief all right.

"He hung over the steel sides very man-o'-war'sman-like. I heard him say to the lieutenant:

"'You're a bit of a joker, sir. What do you say to getting these blighters aboard, towing their boat, and giving 'em a little run? Daresay that lop'll come up again with the wind, and you know how it served my otherwise superior Little Mary. Be obliging,' says K. 'Think how they'll tell you they'll remember this night all their lives. Any way, I shall.'

"By this time we were abaft the beam, whatever that may mean, but I have our beachman's authority to say it's all correct.

"'Let's go aboard and greet 'em nice and polite on behalf of His Majesty's Navy,' says Kernahan.

"'What a pity they didn't put you in the Service,' says the lieutenant then—didn't you, sir?"

The lieutenant smiled.

"I told him he could practical-joke better than any of our latest midshipmen, who are a poor lot indeed to what they were in my time. Still, one always thinks that."

"So," Stephen concluded, "the lieutenant, dressed as you see him, jumps aboard and explains to us—explains to us!—his rank and rating.

"'Now,' calls out old K., 'pull like the very devil. They've only collapsible Berthon boats aboard, and it's any odds we'll whack 'em miles.'

"Berthons are useful, but no craft to board with. The lieutenant didn't hail for quite two minutes. He was taking it all in.

"'By George!' he says. 'By every Berthon and Wilson on the deep, blue sea! This is a joke, surely—'

"'Certainly,' says old K. 'Terriers are quite as fond of joking as they are in your Service, and rather more efficient. Torpedo destroyer Three-two-eight can't go with a commander. Come along up to our little club-room and drink with your noble captors!'

Kernahan, very much recovered, raised his Worthington.

"And the glory of it is so satisfying to the mind of the Territorial who has no *raison d'être*," he said, "that if it were not very irregular for a Yeomanry squadron to capture a torpedo destroyer, hanged if we wouldn't drink your health and say, 'stay here' instead of substituting 'au revoir,' coupled with a wish that Carteret's old man's motor-boat, at this moment moored to the pier-head, may get you back safely to Three-two-eight."

COOKING PERCH.

Many men will tell you that it is no use fishing for perch because they are no good for the table. This is a fallacy. Perch may not approach salmon or trout in flavour, but they are quite good enough to eat.

The prejudice against perch as a food is mainly due to English cooks, who will persist in scaling, or trying to scale the perch before cooking, an operation compared with skinning a duck or taking the brecks off a Highlander is simplicity itself.

There is no need to scale a perch; cook him, scales and all, and enjoy him.

A WEIGHT-CARRYING PONY.

The Fell pony is a grand weight-carrier, hard as iron, fast and enduring, and delightful to ride.

In colour he is usually black, brown, or bay, occasionally grey, but never chestnut—or, if he is, he is probably an alien.

In build, he is powerful and cobby, with deep chest, strong loins, deep, sloping shoulders, and fine withers. He has large, bright eyes, well-placed ears, and a very intelligent look.

His arm, thigh, and second thigh are marvellously muscular, while he has a wonderful growth of hair.

Altogether, a pony to get and value if you are looking out for one.



HOW TO TREAT A NEW DOG

OVERCOMING THE DIFFICULTIES ATTACHING TO A CHANGE OF OWNERSHIP.

When a man buys or is given a new dog, his initial treatment of it is most important, for the manner in which the dog will learn to regard its new master, and, consequently, the amount of affection and work he will be able to get out of it.

Some dogs know by instinct when they have changed hands, and after a reproachful and wistful glance at the old master who has parted with them, will follow the new quite docilely. But not all dogs are of this type; and many require to be coaxed or led to their new master's abode.

Never drag a new dog home. If he will not follow when put on the lead, pick him up and carry him, speaking kindly and soothingly to him on the way.

Of course, you cannot carry a large dog, but then you probably cannot drag him either. The only method in this case is to put him into a conveyance and take him home that way.

LEARNING WHERE HE IS.

Directly you arrive, begin to make the dog at home. First give him a drink of water and leave the water-dish where he can always have access to it.

Let him run about the house or premises—having made sure that he cannot escape through an open door or window or gate—and investigate the place. Dogs are very inquisitive, and like to know where they are.

Then feed him, and be sure to do so with your own hands. Give him either what he has been accustomed to, or else something specially nice and tasty.

Speak to him and pat him gently all the while he is eating. Do not give him too much; and take the dish away directly he has finished.

Next show him where he is to sleep: either a box in a corner filled with straw and covered with a piece of blanket or cloth, or some particular chair big enough to hold him, which you have decided to give up to his exclusive use.

MAKING HIMSELF AT HOME.
He will probably at once curl himself up and be comfortable; keeping, maybe, one eye on you to see what is going to happen next.

By this time he will have recognised you as at least his temporary master; time will do the rest.

It is possible that he will return to his own home at least once, if it is not too far away. There the man who has parted with him should refrain from feeding him, and send him back at once.

The dog should then realise that it is no longer his home.

If he runs away and returns of his own accord, do not reward him. Make him extra well.

If, however, he persistently absconds, and will not return of his own accord, and you have to go and fetch him, you will have to take a whip with you and use it at the spot on which you find him. It is useless to whip him when you have got him home.

He must be taught to associate punishment

with the place to which he goes, not with that to which he returns.

The best age at which to acquire a dog is between twelve and eighteen months. He has then acquired enough experience to be sensible, but not too much to render him unadaptable to changed circumstances.

If you can, get a dog that has not had the best of times; you can then, by giving him a better time, very soon attach his affection to yourself.

A man may easily be known by his dog, for a dog frequently reflects the character of his master in a wonderful degree. If a dog that is his master's constant companion is an unmistakable fool, the master is probably a fool likewise.

No man can hope to be a hero to his valet; but every man should be a hero to his dog.

This he can only be if he is strictly just and sympathetic. If the dog has committed a fault requiring punishment, think first and make every allowance for the circumstances of the case. Then temper the punishment accordingly. Never punish a dog in the first flush of annoyance; you will certainly over-do the penalty, and the dog will recognise that he has been treated unjustly.

TWICE IN TROUBLE.
Most young dogs require two thrashings: one to show them that it is unpleasant to be thrashed, and the second to prove that it can happen more than once. But a thrashing need not be severe; if it be at once alarming and very unpleasant that will suffice.

The only exception is in the case of spaniels. In a long experience I have never known a spaniel that would really work for an owner who had not given it one thorough thrashing. There is an ancient proverb that bears this out so far as spaniels are concerned: I know nothing about the rest of the proverbial trio.

FORGOTTEN OFFENCES.
Do not punish a dog for a fault that he has forgotten. Punishment, to be effective, must be administered directly the fault has been committed; it is of no use after a lapse of time. Better take the offender out and deliberately get him into mischief and then punish him on the spot.

L. C. R. CAMERON.

RABBITS AND PARSLEY.

Rabbits, whether they are being bred for a hobby or for profit, should sometimes be allowed out of the hutch for a hop round; and the best place for this is a patch of ground with nothing but grass growing on it.

Beware, however, of allowing your bunnies to enter your kitchen-garden, for it is more than likely that they will make a dash for the parsley-bed. Rabbits are very partial to parsley; but, alas, parsley is one of the worst possible things for them. Quite a small sprig of the herb is enough to make some rabbits—especially young ones—turn up their toes within twelve hours.



Sensational Cycle Bargains.

We have reduced the prices of all 1912 Gold Medal "QUADRANT" Cycles so enormously that by buying your bike DIRECT FROM OUR FACTORY, you will now effect a saving of **POUNDS**.

Any cycle you like to pick from our catalogue we will supply you at **WHOLESALE TRADE PRICE**, and bear in mind every "QUADRANT" Cycle is sumptuously finished and equipped throughout with the most magnificent fittings.

WE FIT DUNLOP TYRES, THREE-SPEED GEARS, COASTERS, BROOKS' SADDLES, &c., &c. Easy Terms from

5/- A MONTH.

We only charge £3. 12s. for our Popular Model, listed at £5. 15s., which dealers sell in shops at the full list price, and it is well worth it, too.

High-grade "Standard" Models (List Price and Agents' Price, £9. 15s.) **OUR** price, if supplied direct, is ONLY £6. 9s. 3d. cash, or 7s. 10d. deposit, and 18 monthly payments of 7s. 10d.

We grant 10 days' free trial, give a 10 years' guarantee, send the cycle on receipt of deposit only and refund your money at once if not thoroughly satisfied.

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS.

The QUADRANT CYCLE CO., Ltd. (Dept 26), COVENTRY.



WRITE FOR FREE LISTS.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

THE WAITING GAME IN ADVERTISING AN INSTANCE OF BUSINESS ACUMEN.

Nowadays, a man has to be up very early in the morning if he expects to be first in the field with something new in the way of a business-maker, improver, or advertiser.

Posters and hoarding displays have, indeed, reached a pitch at which it is hard to make any advance so far as the art of attracting attention is concerned.

Yet there is something new, something not yet named, and only just showing itself, in what may be called poster competition.

The man who is determined to get the most out of his display, whether in tube-railway, or on above-ground hoardings, will do well to watch this new idea, this refinement of 'cuteness, and lay his advertising plans accordingly.

It seems strange, in short, that to-day the man who so often gets home with his appeal to the public is the man who started last. Nevertheless, this is becoming more and more the fact of experience.

The waiting game in advertising is, in short, coming into its own, and, briefly, this is how it is done.

It must have struck the average man-in-the-street that the average hoarding was, like himself, something of a mixture, something of a jumble, something of a hash of many things in which nothing particular stands out pre-eminently.

Wherever this is the case, much of the advertising on that hoarding represents wasted money. How can this waste be saved?

Just a few of the smartest people at this game are saving this money, this waste, and they are doing it by—sitting still and seeing what other people are doing, and then acting accordingly.

This is how it is done. A hoarding is bespattered with posters, advertising anything and everything.

The keen man looks at it. He regards it as a setting for something which is not yet there, but which he is going to put there. So he comes in at the finish with a design that is absolutely set off and rendered more conspicuous by the very presence of rival advertisements. This is smartness indeed.

One instance may be quoted—without mentioning names. A certain firm advertises its goods by means of a long narrow strip of a placard. It is not a first-rate selling advertisement.

The smart man sees it. He takes space near one end of this placard and promptly puts a bright, smart star-shaped "ad." close up to his rival's picture. The long, dull strip is at once converted into a sort of comet with a very bright nucleus which everybody reads, and a dull tail which nobody reads!

R. ANDREWS.

FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

The "Titanic" disaster has overhung all markets during the week under review, and no doubt there will be considerable selling of first-class securities by underwriters and others.

Home Rails have had a bit of a set back in some cases, but it does not amount to much, and prices will in my opinion soon resume their upward movement.

Operators in this market who follow the advice given in this column, must have had a good time lately.

Marconi shares, which ought to have improved on the terrible disaster, have had a decided reaction, and doubtless they are a bit tired after their rapid rise.

Perhaps the market is to be left to take care of itself in future, and something else given a chance.

Margett's Tyre shares have risen slightly, and if the extensive dealings in Marconis are going to ease off, the jobbers will have more time to attend to the Margett market.

Americans are easier, but the fall is not great, neither does it look as if there would be any great reaction.

Canadian Pacifics are still very firm, and will undoubtedly go very much better, as will Trunks.

The Tin market has had a good shake out, and leading shares are worth buying at the reduced prices. Bennes, which I recommended at 30s. are now good again at £4 for a further substantial rise.

Oil and Rubber shares show little change, and are generally lower.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

M. F. (Derby).—May possibly advance in price, immediate prospect of a dividend.

"Charles" (Longton).—A rather hopeful but do not run for too much profit.

N. Z. O. (Camberwell).—There is a chance of improvement, but dividends seem a long way off; market price 1s. to 1s. 3d., so your parcel does not look cheap.

"Nervous" (Mirfield).—I think you should hold those you have, but do not advise any further purchases at the moment.

C. M. (Hatfield).—Far better left alone.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE

(43RD EDITION.)

Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers.

FARROW, GRAHAM & CO.
44, BANK STREET, MANCHESTER.

SHORTHAND.
The "SLOAN-DELOYAN" "RAPID" system saves a year's work. Minimum guaranteed speed of 80 words in Four Weeks. Used daily by best Parliamentary Reporters. Illustrated free. Send for your copy to-day.
THE SHORTHAND ASSOCIATION
Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

BOOKS
ON ALL SUBJECTS
Including Commercial, Educational, Fiction, and General.
SECOND-HAND AT HALF PRICES.
New at 25 per cent. Discount. Send for Catalogues (post free) and BOOKS SENT ON APPROVAL. BOOKS PURCHASED.
W. & G. FOYLE, 136, Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.
Phone: 3180 GERRARD.

A BRAIN MARKET.
Hapgoods' Organization is a Brain Market, a Market for High Ability. If you have a Special Knowledge or Aptitude which you wish to occupy a Responsible Position in any capacity—if you have an advantage—write us to-day for details of our service—or call on us.
HAPGOODS Ltd. 167-168, ST. MARK LONDON, W.C.

THE SPORTING TIMES
Otherwise known as "The Pink 'Ua."
SMARTER AND MORE AMUSING THAN EVER
Is Recognised as the
Leading Authority on Racing and Sports.
WRITE FOR FREE SPECIMEN COPY
Published Every Friday,
At 97, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

LAUDERDALE'S LESSON

A SHORT STORY.

By CHARLES STEPHENS.



Among the by no means inextensive fraternity who affect the West-End of London as a hunting-ground wherein to gain a livelihood by the keenness of their wits, there is no stricter, unwritten law than that no man shall play a dirty trick on a "pal," otherwise a member of the same brotherhood. This is the story of a man who did, and of how retribution came to him.

Mr. "Marmy" Lauderdale—or, to give him the full and highly-sonorous title which he had printed on cards for the purpose of fortuitous and possibly lucrative introductions, Mr. Marmaduke Alwyn Lauderdale—stood outside Scott's, gazing with a baleful eye at the attractively displayed lobsters which his soul longed for, but which the state of his finances at present denied him.

It was about four o'clock on one of those sunny spring days which make the West-End, with its lavish display of costly attractions, so pleasant a spot to those with well-lined pockets, and such a trial of Tantalus to the impecunious.

Mr. Lauderdale's brain was working quickly. He had a scheme which might mean money; but it could not be worked by himself alone. He would need a confederate, and it was this that troubled him. He could not think of a suitable man to choose. He wanted a fairly easy-going sort of chap, and one who would not have too keen an eye on his own percentage of the transaction.

Assuredly, the little cherub who keeps a friendly look-out on behalf of the professional West-Enders, was doing his kindly work well that afternoon, for Mr. Lauderdale felt a kind laid on his shoulder, and heard a voice uttering those melodious words, "Come and have a drink."

He turned round, and as his gaze met the faultlessly smiling form of Mr. Randall Bartlett, he mentally ejaculated with great joy, "This is the very man!"

Mr. Randall Bartlett enjoyed among his peers the reputation of being a thundering good sort. When he had a shilling or two, he could be relied upon to provide liquid refreshment to any thirsty acquaintance who crossed his path, and having wormed himself into the good graces of old Diabolino, who kept a little café in Soho, he would often entertain a hungry friend at lunch or dinner "on the 'How-d'ye-do,'" anglicé Mr. Bartlett's promise to pay for the meal at a later date.

Mr. Marmaduke Alwyn Lauderdale, whom the reader will probably by now have realised as being made of a much more solid nature, decided to make the fullest use of Mr. Bartlett's

in the conclusion of a neighbouring lounge, over two slim bottles wherein bottled beer bubbled and sparkled, Mr. Lauderdale led up to his scheme, and proceeded to outline it. Meeting an extreme weakness and various other cunningly designed symptoms of indisposition, he produced from his waistcoat pocket two pasteboard tickets.

"What's that?" enquired the artless Mr. Bartlett.

"My doctor told me to go and stop at a hydro, so I got the tickets, thinking I'd take the misceus with me. But now I feel so absolutely whacked to the wide, I really couldn't face the journey. I wish you'd do me a pal's

"Delighted," my dear chap," said the other heartily.

"I feel so awfully crocked I can hardly move," said Lauderdale, painfully, "and I'm very broke. I wish you'd run up to St. Pancras and get back the money for these tickets. They cost £1 18s. 4d. each, so the two come to £3 16s. 8d. You can have half a sov. out of it for your trouble."

Mr. Bartlett jumped up happily.

"Sure thing!" he cried. "Half a James will be jolly good to-day. I want to go down to Richmond to see a pal who might let me have a few quid. Give me the briefs. I'll run up there at once."

Just outside the Monico he jumped on a fast-rolling motor-bus, which dropped him in a conveniently short space

of time outside the big terminus. Blithely he made his way to the first-class booking-office on the main line, and spoke a few words blandly to the face on the other side of the grille.

"Just come inside a minute, will you?" said the face, and its owner opened a little door near by, through which Mr. Bartlett disappeared temporarily from view.

He came out about ten minutes later, with an enigmatical look upon his face, which might have stood for a variety of emotions. But anybody who heard his muttered words as he left the station would have had no difficulty in diagnosing his real state of mind.

"The miserable rat! But I'll get my own back!" was what he said.

He waited about for an hour or so before returning in search of Mr. Lauderdale. He had private reasons for this. But at half-past-five he went into Strange's bar, at the top of

the Haymarket, where he felt sure he would find him. He was not wrong. Mr. Lauderdale was there.

"I gave the tickets back all right," said Mr. Bartlett with an air of duty well done, "and as I was kept waiting, and thought you might go home, I posted their value on to you at your flat."

A look of satisfied cunning crossed Mr. Lauderdale's rather mean features, and he gave a little crow of joy.

"And now—about my half James," suggested the other.

"My dear boy," protested Lauderdale, "I haven't got it."

"You've got a damn fine overcoat, though," said Mr. Bartlett, cheerfully. "Just come up to Dragington's and shove it in, and give me the ten bob out of it. I'll never stand you a drink or a lunch again if you don't."

At length Mr. Lauderdale consented, and, after a transaction whereby he received from a neighbouring Hebrew a ticket and fifteen shillings in exchange for his coat, he handed Mr. Bartlett half a sovereign.

"You deserve that ten bob, young 'un," he said, "and I don't mind telling you why, now. I didn't want to go myself, 'cos the tickets were complimentary. They weren't worth anything!"

"I know that," said Mr. Bartlett, and his icy look choked Mr. Lauderdale's laughter. "Their value was nothing—and that's just what I've posted on to you, you miserable skunk! But I've got your mouldy ten bob, and I'm going to keep it. And now you can go to blazes!"

Mr. Lauderdale didn't. He went back to Strange's, and drank a glass of bitter in painful meditation.

MAN OF MYSTERY

and FAITHFUL GUIDE.

Educated in Hindu Philosophy and Egyptian Lore.

This Prophet, to whom the greatest secrets are revealed,

offers himself **FREE**. Born in that far-off land of mystery, endowed in a peculiar way when quite a child with an insight into people's lives simply by touching something they had handled, an old Astrologer once said, "He leads where we fail to follow." His readings from a distance are startling. Would you wring

FORTUNE'S SECRET

of your failures from her? Well, write at once. He says himself: "I shall be in your life but once; any good I can do let me do it now, for I shall not pass this way again." Send name and birth date with directed envelope in your own handwriting. If convenient,

send 6d. in stamps of your country to cover postage, &c.

HASAN WADI XXX.,
17, RUE GRANGE-BATELIÈRE, PARIS.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required, a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

F. J. K. (West Ham).—You are wrong. The skipper of a merchant vessel is called captain by courtesy only. His legal title is "Master." It is incorrect to speak of the first mate. The senior mate is "the mate."

"Bob" (Herne Bay).—Racing judges are paid; the official judge of the Jockey Club, by salary; judges engaged at meetings promoted by companies or individuals, by daily fee.

W. C. T. (Swansea).—The old-time golfer's "baffy" was a short wooden club with the face very much laid back, so that it lofted the ball high in the air. It was used for approaching, and may come into favour again in these days of expensive balls, which are soon damaged by iron clubs.

B. R. O'M. (Cork).—The pay of a regimental sergeant-major varies from the 5s. a day of the infantry to the 6s. a day of the Royal Horse Artillery. There are, however, several other warrant officers who get as much as 7s. a day and even more, taking special allowances into consideration.

D. M. W. (Edinburgh).—If you can't see the point of "Chinstrap's" story of his little girl we shall begin to believe in the ancient libel on the Scotsman's sense of humour.

T. T. (Manchester).—The first half-mile of the Derby course is on the ascent; then it slopes down to the "distance," where it rises again to the winning post. It was coming down the hill that Holocaust broke his leg.

L. W. (Chatham).—A cricket pitch is unfit for play when water stands on the surface, or when it is so wet, muddy, or slippery, as to deprive the bowlers of a reasonable foothold, or the fieldsmen of the power of free movement.

J. J. R. (Sittingbourne).—It is usually June before the mayfly is really on the water. The apparent contradiction in its name is due to the fact that it was christened the mayfly under the old calendar.

P. O'B. (Tipperary).—We do not care to discuss such a highly political and controversial subject as Home Rule.

C. G. (Derby).—We believe that a competent cinematograph operator can make about £3 a week. Apply, Pathé Frères, Ltd., Charing Cross Road, W.C.

A. N. (Norwich).—The jockey who has drawn number one is *always* placed on the left-hand side at the starting-post. On some courses this might be a disadvantage. Thanks for good wishes.

M. M. S. (Harrogate).—We have heard the "purified" for "petrified" yarn before, but perhaps our readers have not, so we may tell it them one of these days. Thanks.

"Yankee" (Liverpool), W. R. (Grimsby), C. H. H. (Northampton), T. D. G. (Glasgow), G. L. (Winchester), B. A. (Eastbourne), E. C. H. (Dublin).—Much obliged.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge ..	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge ..	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.
9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant	6s.		
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant	12s.		

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

The League
Badge
Actuals etc.

WORKING CLOTHES.

The Englishman's characteristic of frequently bathing his body is regarded with wonder by all Continental nations. The Frenchman and the German are much less fond of water than we are, but on the whole they are no less careful for they safe guard themselves against dirt in a manner which we neglect.

The labourers in France and Germany either wear overalls during their work or leave their working clothes behind on their return, or else they wear clothes of a washable material which are frequently cleansed.

The British labouring man's working suit, on the other hand, is never washed, it becomes impregnated with dirt of all kinds, which eventually finds its way into the skin. The Continental plan is one that we might well adopt.

THE BLACK HAND.

It is annoying, and a waste of time is incurred, when in the course of dressing one has to wash one's hands a second time because of ill-cleaned boots.

Most of this annoyance arises from the fact that the long ends of your bootlaces have been involved in the cleaning process. The problem is to prevent this. There is one very simple way. When you take your boots off, just draw up the laces tightly as if you were lacing the boots on your feet, and then carefully tuck the entire length of them down into the toe of the boot.

When the cleaner gets the boots he, or she, will leave them there, and the cleaning material will not be smeared over them. Your fingers will not be barred with black, you will not leave your pouch behind, you will catch your train, and all will be well!

"MY UMBRELLA HAS GONE!"

Probably you have been a victim of the umbrella thief. He is a very common species, and is as often dressed in fine clothes as in fustian. He develops at an alarming rapid rate when the weather suddenly becomes rainy. Indeed, a threatening sky and a spot of rain seem to be the chief reasons for his increase.

He is often aided and abetted in his designs by the thoughtlessness of his victims. These unhappy people go to a restaurant, or other place of assembly, and hang up their coats on pegs, and place umbrellas in tin stands. Three straightway forget that they possess such things. Three quarters of an hour afterwards they discover that someone has "mistaken" their umbrella for his own, only he has not left even his own behind by way of part payment.

It is very easy to avoid this disaster. All that you should remember is that the man who means to run off with a good umbrella is certainly watching the umbrella-stand. All he wants is to see one deposited, and then to see the owner take a seat with his back to his property. If you watch see ten men enter a restaurant you will be astonished to see what a large proportion of them will turn their backs on their umbrellas. This is the thief's opportunity.

By taking a seat from which you can survey the entrance you will make it impossible for the thief to steal. He will not take any risks, and needs a free field. So long as you are facing your property it is safe from him.

Our Fountain Pens.

THE MODERN MAN half-guinea Fountain Pen will be sent to any reader in the United Kingdom for 1s. and 12 Pen Coupons.

The nib is 14-carat solid gold, and ball-pointed. The body of the pen is of the finest black vulcanite, handsomely chased. It is packed in a special box, with glass-filler and full directions.

A pocket clip to fix the pen securely in the vest pocket is presented absolutely free.

On page 874 you will find a Pen Coupon. Cut this out and collect 11 further Pen Coupons, either by purchasing additional copies of the paper or by getting the Coupons from friends who are already readers.

If you buy extra copies from which to cut the Coupons, it is understood that you will give the copies to those whom you think likely to become regular readers.

When you have collected your 12 Pen Coupons, send them along with a Postal Order for 1s. to "Fountain Pens," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, and your pen will immediately be sent to you.



COMMON-SENSE TIPS FOR CAREFUL RIDERS.

There are two sorts of cycle-cleaning operations, to wit, the perfunctory administration of oil and rub-over with the cloth, which takes place practically every day, and the more important "thorough overhaul" which some riders only vouchsafe to their machines at lengthy intervals, but which the sounder and more careful wheeler indulges in frequently.

Say, for instance that you are one of the large army of men who live just far enough from their work for a daily train fare to be irksome, and just near enough to get there and back easily and comfortably on a bicycle. Your bike will thus obviously come in for a lot of use, and you will not be over-zealous if you give it a thorough overhaul at least once a month.

TYRES FIRST.

The first step, for a very good reason, is to have a go at the tyres. Take a proper tyre-brush (a good one will cost anything from sixpence to a shilling) and brush off every particle of mud from the front and back tyres. The reason why you should do this first is that if you do it after you have cleaned, polished, and oiled the various other parts, the dust and particles of mud kicked up by the tyre-brushing process will adhere to a great many of them and necessitate your attending to them a second time.

For the same reason, take your mudguards next. You can, if you like, get the mud off the inside with a mudguard-brush proper (a pliable affair, something like a wire hat-brim brush); but you can make a much better job of the performance by taking the mudguards right off. They can then be thoroughly cleaned by means of a rag, soaked in paraffin and twisted round a piece of wood—a bit of fire-wood for example.

CHAINS AND BALL-BEARINGS.

Next, we may profitably take the chain and the gear-case. Here, again, it will be wiser to take the gear-case right off and clean it out with paraffin, after which it should be dried as carefully as possible, for on a dusty day you might, if you left it damp, find as much as two ounces of dust and grit accumulated inside after an afternoon's spin.

Now a word about ball-bearings. Some men, of course, are satisfied to give them a perfunctory drop of oil; but the considerate owner takes them out. He then puts them in a soft cloth in which he rubs them together, a process that has the effect of cleaning them thoroughly. Before putting them back, he examines them carefully, one by one, in case any of them should be chipped or even broken in half, as will sometimes happen. After their reinsertion, they should be treated to a very sparing allowance of oil.

THE PARAFFIN BATH.

A muddy chain should be carefully attended to. The best plan is to detach it, and give it a bath in paraffin for some hours, shaking it about therein now and again. When it is clean, take it out, dry it, and then blacklead it.

By the way, while on the subject of chains, it will be useful to remember that if you do not use a gear-case, you should keep a spare chain to use while the other is being cleaned, for, as I have explained, the paraffin bath should last for a long time. It is a good plan to do it overnight, for Hubs also are better attended to by being taken apart, but don't try this before you know thoroughly how to put them back. If this is beyond you, content yourself with the oil-can, or get some more expert friend to do the job for you.

Now we have practically broken the back of our work, and can turn to the beautification of our mount. The chief concern of the careful cyclist is not to scratch the enamel or the plating, and he avoids any hard-scouring medium. The polished parts, handlebars, brake-rod, and so on, should be treated with chamois-leather, and the enamelled portion treated with paraffin and rubbed dry and glistening with a soft cloth.

C. CUMMINGS.

LANDING A HIT.

In no sport is greater harm done to the learner by slavishly copying the postures of photographed celebrities than in boxing. One of the most frequent faults brought on by this is an incorrect position of the striking fist at the moment of hitting.

When standing in position ready to be photographed, one or two well-known boxers have the mannerism of holding out the left hand with a slight twist at the wrist, so that the palm, and the knuckles bent over it, are turned downwards. It should be noted at once that in actual hitting those men's palms would be turned, if anything, upwards, the correct rule being that the line formed by the row of bent knuckles should be as nearly as possible at right angles with the ground.

More than a few amateurs, however, misled possibly by such photographs taken in a stationary position, will deliver blows in such a way that at the moment of impact the palm is right down—a very bad fault. Indeed, if the wrist is twisted, as some men will twist it, just before the blow, this is very likely to result in a serious sprain, if not an actual fracture.

Photographs, even of the boxing stars, are taken in a set pose, and not in the course of an actual fight.

WHY PAY a HIGH PRICE for YOUR CYCLE

when I supply the pick of Coventry's choicest cycles at pounds below maker's prices. I sell brand-new 1912 HUMBER, SWIFT, COVENTRY-CHALLENGE, PREMIER, QUADRANT, ROVER, REMINGTON, SINGER, PROGRESS, CENTAUR, and other well-known Coventry cycles from 5s. monthly.

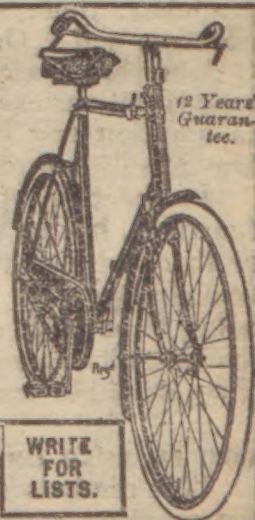
HIGH-GRADE COVENTRY CYCLES

For £3 10s. Cash. (Maker's Price £6 6s.) Only the Deposit need be paid before the cycle is dispatched on 10 days' approval. Your money will be refunded in full if you are not perfectly satisfied. Thousands of testimonials.

BEST QUALITY HIGHEST-GRADE CYCLES

(Maker's Price £9 9s.) for only 10/- Deposit and 18 monthly instalments of 7/11.

Edw^d O'Brien, Ltd.
The World's Largest Cycle Dealer
(Dept. 41), COVENTRY.



CENTAUR CYCLES

(Famous since 1876)



THE

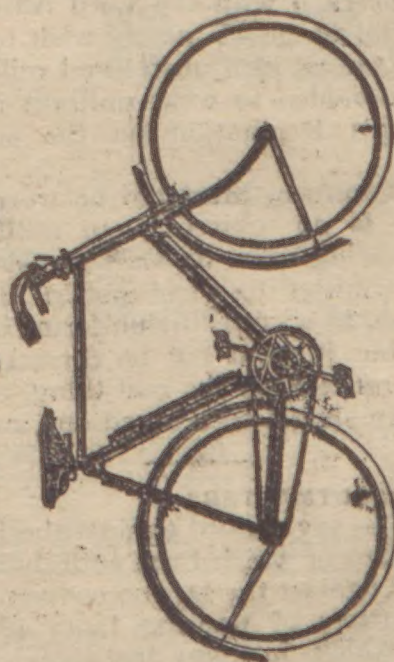
Popular Model.



£6 : 15 : 0

Cash,
or
Monthly Payments
10/6.

Best Value
ever offered.



Many other
models to select
from in Cata-
logue full of
interest to all.
Post free.

THE CENTAUR CO., Ltd.

London Depot:
21, Holborn Viaduct,
E.C.

Works:
Stoke,
Coventry.

The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.



"IMMACULATELY DRESSED."

I notice that a certain young foreign nobleman who has been arrested on a criminal charge, is described in various papers as "immaculately dressed in a blue serge lounge suit, and patent leather boots with cloth tops." This is the sort of thing that makes me quite cross.

To begin with, "immaculately" is obviously used in the sense of "correctly," "elegantly," or "fashionably," but it has no such meaning. Its significance is "pure; spotless; without stain," and it is totally misapplied to the style or cut of a man's dress.

I am more concerned, however, with garments than grammar, though I do wish that imperfectly-educated novelists and "Daily Mail" reporters would give up using that horrid phrase "immaculate evening dress." But I do take strenuous exception to the statement that the gentleman in question was "immaculately" dressed in a blue serge lounge suit and patent leather boots with cloth tops.

In the case of one of those non-dress, evening social functions, it may be permissible to wear patent leather boots or shoes with a dark lounge suit, for the simple reason that you change your day boots as a matter of course before going to such an affair, but for day wear with any kind of lounge suit, patent leather boots are wholly out of place. They should be worn only with frock coat or morning dress.

TWO INSTEAD OF ONE.

This reminds me that the frock coat is still eclipsed by the morning coat. There is no very great change in the latter from last year, except that it is shaped more to the waist, and has two buttons instead of one.

This will suit the man who cannot afford to patronise a tailor of the first order, for the extra button makes it easier to secure a good fit.

If a fancy waistcoat is worn with the morning coat, it should be single-breasted, with long points.

THE LORD ADVOCATE'S FAUX PAS.

I see that the Lord Advocate of Scotland—the famous, or infamous, Mr. Alexander Ure—it all depends on your point of view—has been pulled up in Parliament for attending a fancy dress-ball in his uniform as a Privy Councillor.

I am not concerned with the Lord Advocate's apparent ignorance of social usage—I merely wish to point out that, contrary to the general idea, naval and military officers are not absolutely forbidden to wear uniform at a fancy dress ball. The King's Regulation on the subject reads as follows:

"Regulation uniform must not be worn at fancy dress balls, but there is no objection to military uniform of obsolete pattern being worn on such occasions."

Actors are permitted to wear modern naval or military dress on the stage, as witness the uniforms in "The Second-in-Command," but it must not be correct; there must be some slight difference from the real thing, a narrow trouser stripe where there should be a broad one, and so on.

A WORD WITH SCOUTMASTERS.

I do not wish to say a word against the Boy Scout movement, with the aims of which I am entirely in sympathy, but I wish to protest against the far too common practice on the part of Scoutmasters of wearing fancy uniforms of their own invention, which, in many instances, are a colourable imitation of the regular officer's dress.

These "uniforms" are not in accordance with the Dress Regulations laid down by the Chief Scout, and it is extremely snobbish of these Scoutmasters to try to pose as something they are not, and, by wearing Army badges of rank and other devices, to hold themselves out as officers.

Oh, you may say, what does it matter, why can't you

leave the poor devils alone? Well, so far as they are personally concerned I don't care twopence what they wear, but my point is that I am sure many men would with myself be reluctant to let their boys serve under Scoutmasters guilty of such, in my opinion, "boulderish" behaviour.

TROUSER HANGERS.

Have you ever tried trouser hangers instead of stretchers or presses? If not, let me recommend the trouser hanger to you.

There are various patterns on the market, but the

THE NAME

"McKINLEY"

On a suit is like the 22-carat hall-mark on gold—a guarantee of the best quality. The McKinley goods are all-British. We use only reliable Scotch, English, and Irish materials, employ only expert London cutters and tailors, and guarantee perfection of fit, style, and workmanship. Yet our prices compare most favourably with those of other firms.

SUITS (to measure), 30s. to 50s.

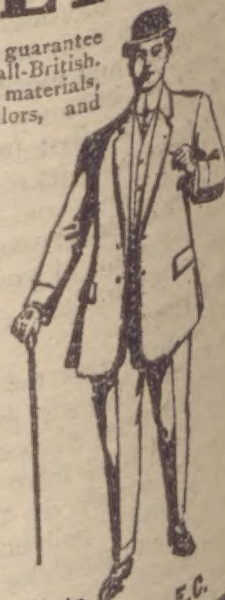
RAINFOOF OVERCOATS, 25s. to 45s.

BREECHES (to measure), 10s. 6d. to 25s.

Carriage paid. No Extras. We refund your money in full if we fail to fit you perfectly and give you complete satisfaction.

SEND TO-DAY for our Booklet "MN," our splendid range of Patterns, Fashion Plates, tape measure, copies of unsolicited testimonials, and the McKinley scientific Self-Measurement Chart, which enables anyone to take measures as accurately as an experienced tailor. They will be sent to you free and post paid. Write or call

C. & G. McKINLEY, Tailoring Specialists
(Tailoring Dept.), 7, GRESHAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.



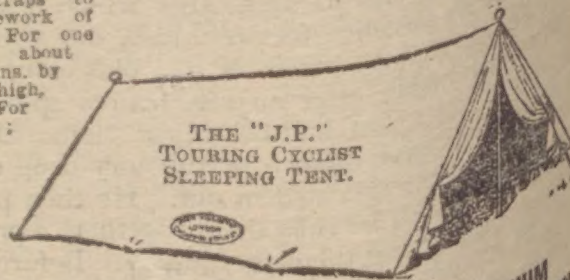
CAMP EQUIPMENTS.

"SEND FOR TENT LIST."

THE "J.P." TOURING SLEEPING TENT.

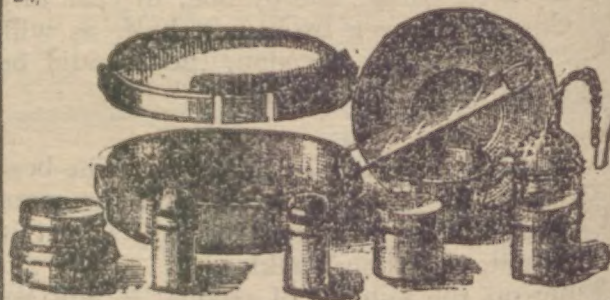
Made from Swallow Wing Yacht Canvas, with Ground Sheet sewn in, thoroughly Waterproof. Jointed Bamboo Poles, packed in American Cloth Valise, with Straps to fasten on Framework of Cycle. No. 1: For one person; weight, about 4lbs.; size, 6ft. 6ins. by 3ft. by 3ft. high, 17/6. No. 2: For two persons; weight, about 4lbs.; size, 6ft. 6ins. by 4ft. by 3ft. 6ins. high, 21/- No. 3: Weight about 6lbs., size, 7ft. 6ins. by 4ft. by 4ft. 4ins. high, 24/-

JOHN PIGGOTT, Ltd.
117-118, Cheapside, and
Milk Street, London, E.C.



ALUMINIUM CANTEEN.

Consisting of our side body, bottom forming, Pot, Kettle or Fry Pan, Cup, and Infuser, Pots, Pepper for Boxes for Sugar, &c. Complete with Straps 14/6.



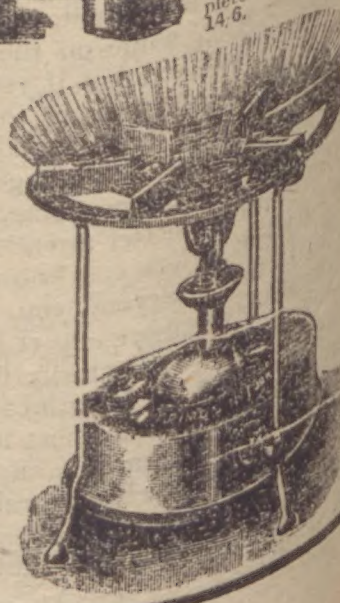
THE 'PRIMUS' STOVE

Burns Petroleum without wick. Will boil half a gallon of water in less than four minutes. Small, 8/6 each. Large, 10/6 each.



FOLDING OR CAMP BEDSTEAD.

It weighs only 15 lbs. Price . . . 12/6. Cork Mattress . . . 6/6 and 9/- Hair ditto . . . 14/6



general principle is a powerful spring wooden clip, into which the bottoms of the trousers, which, of course, have been carefully folded, are inserted. The clip is fitted so that it may be attached to a hook or other convenient object, and the weight of the trousers as they hang downwards from their feet, keeps them in shape.

There are many advantages in the trouser hanger. The trousers can be put in in a second, there is no fiddling about with screws or other complicated arrangements, no danger of getting creases in the wrong place as you may do with a carelessly-adjusted press, and it takes up very little room. Further it is cheap. Your tailor should be able to supply you with one for a shilling or two.

Of course, if your trousers are badly out of shape, they must be pressed, and it is always well to have a trouser press in reserve, but for keeping them in shape overnight the hanger is simple, effective and strongly to be recommended.

It is not necessary to have a hanger for each pair of trousers, though they are so cheap that it is worth while to have two or three, and thus avoid disturbing trousers you may not be wearing for some time.

RACING COLOURS.

A correspondent asks for information about racing colours, saying he has come into a bit of splosh, and has a mind to own a plater or two. Mine not to warn him of the trials and tribulations that beset the owner of an animated hair trunk, but to comply with his request. The following extract is from the Rules of Racing:

"Racing colours shall be registered either annually on payment of 5s., or for life of the person registering on payment of 5 sovs.

"All disputes as to the right to particular colours shall be settled by the Stewards of the Jockey Club.

"Any person running a horse in colours other than those registered in his own or assumed name without a special declaration overnight to the Clerk of the Course (at a time to be described) shall be fined not less than 1 sov., nor more than 10 sovs."

It might be thought that all possible colours must have been used up long ago, and so far as one-colour jackets are concerned, this is probably so. But what with hoops, stripes, halvings, quarterings, and different coloured caps, sleeves, bands, collars, and cuffs, there is still an infinite number of colour combinations to be used up.

Big owners generally have a second colour which, as a rule, differs but slightly from the first colour.

Thus Lord Derby's first colours are "Black, white cap," and his second, "Black, white belt and cap."

One set, however, will do my correspondent for the present, and I hope it will not be long before they catch the judge's eye, also that he won't forget to put me on the "good thing." I am not greedy. A "pony" to nothing will suit me, though if he likes to let me stand in the "front paws of a monkey" so much the better.

Although I am not in the habit of betting or giving tips, I don't mind telling you that my entire stock of zephyr-coloured shirts is going on Hall Cross for the Derby.

WAXED MOUSTACHES.

H. C. (Sevenoaks) wants to know if I approve of a waxed moustache. Personally I don't, or I should wax my own. But, of course, it is a matter of individual taste and also of your personal appearance. A little fat man with a round, good-humoured face who wears a fiercely-pointed moustache is apt to look ridiculous.

The ladies, I think, are in favour of the waxed moustache. Kipling makes one of his feminine characters say that kissing a man without a moustache is like eating an egg without salt, and perhaps the waxed moustache is even more flavoury.

But be careful to use the best Hongroise only. To give "her" a mouthful of brown Windsor might not please her.

A VEST SLIP QUERY.

H. H., of Worcester, asks me to inform him "whether or not a vest slip is correct (with a lounge suit, of course) to wear at night or at a dance?"

Personally I am opposed to the wearing of a dress slip with a lounge suit at all. Any combination of "dress" with "lounge" is incongruous—in my opinion you might as well wear a silk hat with a lounge suit as a vest slip. Still, I must admit that a white vest slip looks rather well with a dark lounge suit—dark grey or blue serge—and as this is the only style of lounge suit suitable to a non-evening-dress dance, I am inclined to say yes to my correspondent's query.

NO MORE BAGGY KNEES



Price 5/9

Carriage paid U.K. per Parcel Post. 11lbs.

WHY PAY MIDDLE PROFITS? We send per return on receipt of P.O. or post-dated cheque or M.O. our Handsome Polished Oak Simplex Trouser Presser and Stretcher, Nickel Plated Fittings, powerful steel crossbars, length 2ft. 4ins. Take 4 pairs. Guaranteed 5 years. On 7 days' approval. Money returned next post if not satisfied. Send for Illustrated List Free. H. CLIFSON, Sole Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Rd., London, S.W.



3/6 buys a NEW LIFE for that OLD SUIT or OVERCOAT.

Pack up that wrinkled suit or overcoat, and send it to us with a Postal Order for 3/6. In a few days it will be returned to you CLEANED, REPAIRED and TAILOR-PRESSED—looking almost new. Our new Tailor-Process brings the clothes back to their original shape, it removes the signs of wear and cleans the material. It is superior to dry-cleaning process. Carriage paid one way. Repairs and Alterations of every description.

The National Tailoring and Repairing Co., 144-145, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.

PURE WOOL SUITS TO MEASURE From 23/6

Even our lowest price Suit has been valued by customers the world over at £3-3s.

It is well-known that London is the centre of Fashion for men's clothes, so why not come to us for your Tailoring needs? If you live at a distance you need not actually make the journey—we will send the clothes to you, as we are now doing to men all over the world. We always give satisfaction, because "Curzon" Suits are made by experts; because the fit is guaranteed; and because these suits are of a style and cut that stamp their wearers as "well-dressed."

ONE SILVER AND FOUR GOLD MEDAL AWARDS.

Send Postcard for FREE PATTERNS consisting of Tweeds, Serics, Flannels, Worsted, &c. Together with patterns, we send you fashion plates and complete instructions for accurate self-measurement, tape measure, all sent free and carriage paid. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Returned in Full.

CURZON BROS., The World's Measure Tailors (Dept. 142) 60/62, City Road, London, E.C.

West-End Depot: 133 and 135, Oxford Street, W. (First Floor Showrooms, above the "London Louvre.")



CHRISTY SAFETY RAZOR

5/-

Complete with Strop-Holder, Strop, and 6 Best Sheffield Steel Blades.

Quick Action.

Good Clean Shave.

A Boon to the Tourist.

Ask your Ironmonger to show you a "CHRISTY." On Sale Everywhere.

Most Amazing Offer Made!

Every Reader of "Modern Man" may at once secure a pair of Sandow's Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells Free for Seven Days' Trial.

No money to pay. Simply send the Coupon.

For a whole week, without any cost to yourself, without the need of parting with a penny, you may enjoy the strength and health-giving value of Mr. Sandow's Wonderful Invention, the Sandow Spring-Grip Dumb-Bell, which helps you to gain not only greater strength, but more-finely-developed physical proportions. Their use entails no violent exertion, they may be adapted for use by women and children as well as the sturdiest man.

It is only necessary to fill in and forward the coupon below as directed to at once receive a pair of the famous Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells for **seven days' free home trial**. There is nothing to pay. Simply send the coupon, and the Dumb-Bells are at once posted, carriage paid, to your door.

With each pair of Dumb-Bells is sent Two Charts of Exercises, one showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, the other showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, woman or girl, together with hints on how, when, and where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information, by following which every reader can not only prove his or her strength and general physique, but likewise safeguard and improve the health.

These charts have been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of Dumb-Bells, and are obtainable alone with this health and strength-giving invention.



You need not keep the Dumb-Bells after seven days unless you wish, but if, after using these Dumb-Bells for **Seven Days Free**, you decide to keep them, send us deposit of 2/6, and promise to pay the remainder of the price at the rate of 2/6 per month, which only means the small sum of **ONE PENNY PER DAY**.

The few minutes' exercise daily with the splendid apparatus will give you health, strength, and stamina. They will give to woman fuller grace of figure, encouraging beauty of form; to men greater dignity and distinction, and to both a splendid feeling of well-being and virility. Exercise with the Dumb-Bells, which should be a regular process by every member of the family for at least five minutes per day, quickly develops the muscles of the arms, deepens and strengthens the chest; whilst exercises are also included for developing the leg muscles and improving the general physique so that you may keep strong, healthy, and happy.

There is nothing to pay to secure the Dumb-Bells at once, and their use daily will prove a real delight. Send the coupon and you will receive a pair of the Dumb-Bells by return of post. It is only necessary to send now.

Room 39, Sandow Hall, Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date.....191 .

Gentlemen,—Please send me one pair of your Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... **12s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 18 and upwards.

Youths' Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... **10s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 14 to 18.

Ladies' Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... **10s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 16 and upwards.

This order is given on condition that, after Seven Days' **Free Trial**, should I decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, I may return them immediately direct to Sandow Hall, and no charge whatsoever will be made.

FREE TRIAL.

Signed..... Age.....
Address.....

Please cross out sizes not required.